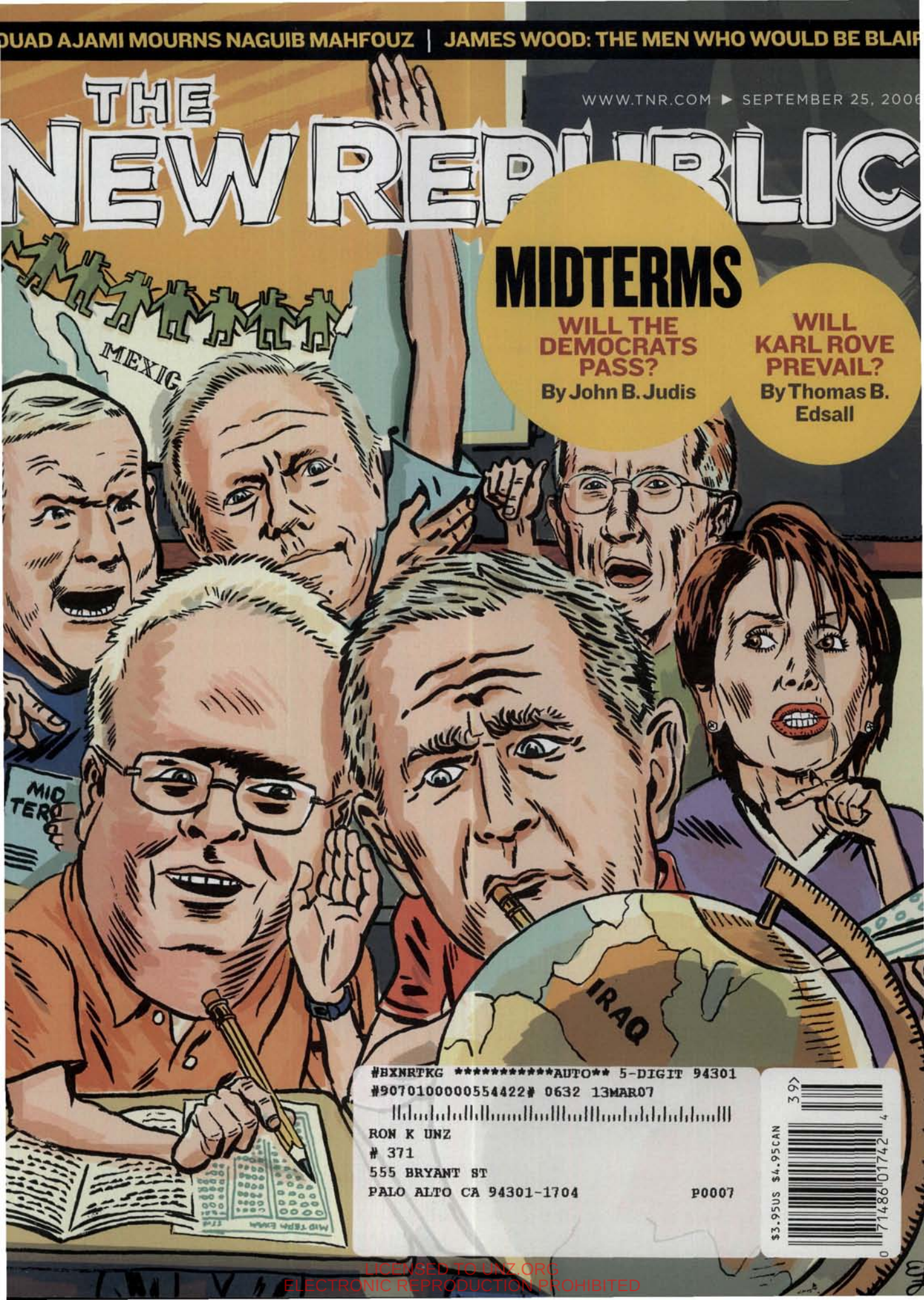
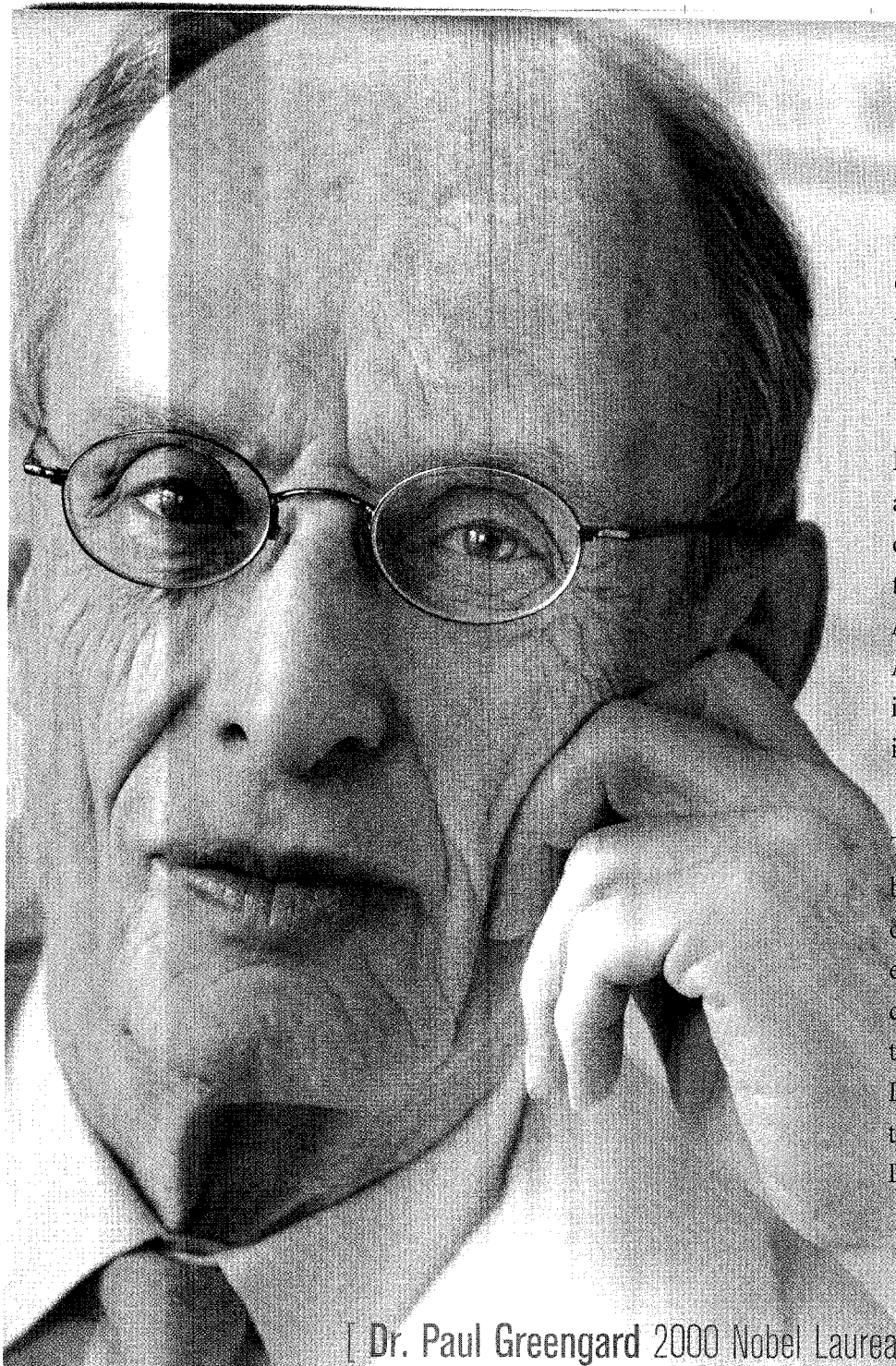


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some say depression is all in your head. Well, that's right. And wrong. It's right because depression is in the head, or more precisely, the brain. In fact, we've seen how it destroys the connections between brain cells.

Depression Is Real.

But saying depression is all in your head is also wrong. There's nothing imaginary about depression. It's a serious, medical condition that affects every aspect of a person's health. And untreated depression kills thousands of Americans a year — through suicide and by intensifying the symptoms of life threatening illnesses such as cancer and heart disease.

Hope Is Real, Too.

Today, research has identified many of the biological and environmental factors that contribute to depression. And medical science has developed effective treatments that can restore brain cell connections and lead to recovery. These treatments save lives. Depression is real. Fortunately, hope is real, too. To get the facts, please visit us at DepressionIsReal.org.

[Dr. Paul Greengard 2000 Nobel Laureate in Medicine]

"Every year, without any treatment at all, thousands stop suffering from depression. Because it kills them."

DepressionIsReal.org

American Psychiatric Foundation | Depression and Bipolar Support Alliance | League of United Latin American Citizens | National Alliance on Mental Illness
National Medical Association | National Mental Health Association | National Urban League

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARTIN PERETZ

EDITOR Franklin Foer
LITERARY EDITOR Leon Wieseltier
EXECUTIVE EDITOR J. Peter Scoblic
MANAGING EDITOR Katherine Marsh
DEPUTY EDITOR Richard Just
MANAGING EDITOR/ONLINE
Adam B. Kushner
EDITOR-AT-LARGE Peter Beinart
SENIOR EDITORS
Jonathan Chait, Jonathan Cohn,
Michelle Cottle, Michael Crowley,
Ruth Franklin, John B. Judis,
Lawrence F. Kaplan, Ryan Lizza,
Christopher Orr, Noam Scheiber,
Lee Siegel, Andrew Sullivan,
James Wood, Jason Zengerle
LEGAL AFFAIRS Jeffrey Rosen
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Britt Peterson
TNR ONLINE
Christiane Culhane, Culture Editor
FILMS Stanley Kauffmann
THEATER Robert Brustein
ART Jed Perl
ARCHITECTURE Sarah Williams Goldhagen
MUSIC David Hajdu
DANCE Jennifer Homans
POETRY EDITOR Glyn Maxwell
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS
Thomas B. Edsall, Joshua Kurlantzick
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Fouad Ajami, David A. Bell, Paul Berman,
Gregg Easterbrook, Jean Bethke Elshtain,
Nathan Glazer, Anthony Grafton, David Grann,
David Greenberg, Yossi Klein Halevi,
Robert Kagan, Michael Kinsley,
Charles Krauthammer, Jeremy McCarter,
John McWhorter, Sherwin B. Nuland,
Michael B. Oren, David Rieff, Maggie Scarf,
Ronald Steel, Cass R. Sunstein, Alan Taylor,
E.V. Thaw, Helen Vendler, Michael Walzer,
Sean Wilentz, Alan Wolfe, Robert Wright
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Jack Coughlin, David Cowles,
Vint Lawrence, David Schorr
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Spencer Ackerman
ART/DESIGN DIRECTION
Joe Heroun, Christine Car/H2C Media
EDITORIAL-CORPORATE COORDINATOR
Linda Gerth
PRODUCTION AND I.T. DIRECTOR
Bruce Steinke
PRODUCTION MANAGER
Henry Riggs
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Kara Baskin, Alexander M. Belenky,
Eve Fairbanks, Marisa Katz,
Keelin McDonell
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR
Chloë Schama
ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR Melanie Rehak
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS
Isaac Chotiner, Bradford Plumer, Elspeth Reeve
INTERN
Conor Clarke
INTERN, TNR ONLINE
Oliver Lukacs

GENERAL MANAGER Allen Chin
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Lori Fleishman Dorr
ONLINE MARKETING MANAGER Emilie Harkin
ADVERTISING SALES & MARKETING
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Richard Parker
DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING, WEST
Joan Stapleton Tooley
ACCOUNT DIRECTOR Julie Sturmak Kettell
PUBLISHING REPRESENTATIVE
Perry Janoski, Allston-Cherry, Ltd.
MARKETING MANAGER Alexandra Scott
TNR/ON SYMPOSIA ON PUBLIC POLICY
Joan Daly
FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION
ACCOUNTING MANAGER Jessie Ahn
BUSINESS ASSISTANT Jillian Wheat

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
LEONARD ASPER
LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN
ROGER HERTOG, Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ
MICHAEL STEINHARDT

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Updated daily. On the Web at www.tnr.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

SEPTEMBER 25, 2006 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,784 VOLUME 235

COVER STORIES: MIDTERM SPECIAL

Jonathan Martin 12 **Yo Vey!** The Jew who wants to join the Congressional Black Caucus.

Noam Scheiber 15 **Heckuva Job**
A "competence" candidate thrives in the heart of Bush country.

John B. Judis 18 **Mood Indigo** Here comes the new Democratic majority.

Thomas B. Edsall 26 **Party Hardy** Actually, the GOP machine is tougher than you think.

POLITICS & THE WORLD

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Peace between Dean and Clinton, &c.

Peter Beinart 6 **TRB | Ism Schism**
How can we fight a war if we don't know who we're fighting?

The Editors 7 **Center Folds** Time to wipe out moderate Republicans.

James Wood 8 **London Dispatch: Splitting Heirs** The men who would be Blair.

Michael Crowley 42 **WASHINGTON DIARIST | Kneel Before Izod**

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Stanley Kauffmann 30 **FILMS | Different Worlds** *Riding Alone for Thousands of Miles* follows a Japanese man's quest through China; *Le Petit Lieutenant* is an unconventional detective drama.

Fouad Ajami 31 **The Humanist in the Alleys** After the death of Naguib Mahfouz last month, all Egypt mourned the "Shakespeare of the Arabs." Mahfouz made literature out of Egypt's fortunes over the last century, from the early days of Egyptian nationalism to Nasser's revolution to Sadat's conflicted peace, but he offered his country no consolation.

Phillis Levin 34 **POEM** | *Conversation Between Clouds*

David Thomson 37 **Deathworks** *Exquisite Corpse: Surrealism and the Black Dahlia Murder* by Mark Nelson and Sarah Hudson Bayliss; *Black Dahlia Avenger: A Genius for Murder* by Steve Hodel

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY *Erik T. Johnson*

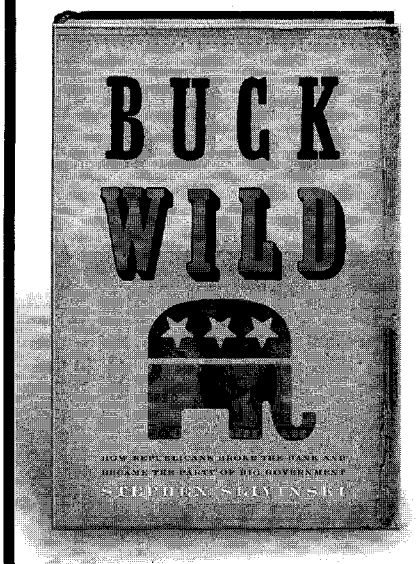
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Republicans Broke the Bank

New from the Cato Institute's Stephen Slivinski

"*Buck Wild* does more than reveal what's wrong with the Republicans. It reveals what's wrong with us, the voters who put them in office."

— P.J. O'ROURKE



"If you fell into a coma in November 1994 and woke up yesterday, a lot of things might surprise you. But nothing would baffle you more than what's happened to the Republican Party. Stephen Slivinski can explain. *Buck Wild* tells a painful story, but it's honest and true and well worth reading."

— TUCKER CARLSON

Published by NELSON CURRENT

$25.99 159555064X

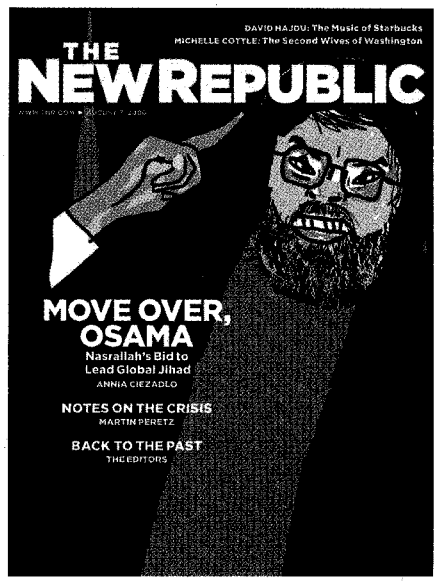
Available in bookstores nationwide or by calling 800-767-1241 • www.cato.org

CATO INSTITUTE

CORRESPONDENCE

GRUDGE FUDGE

THOMAS B. EDSALL'S RELATIONSHIP to the facts is like the Bush administration's: ignore any inconvenient evidence that gets in the way of your conclusion ("The Grudge," August 7). We were surprised by a number of things Edsall failed to include in his story, from which we can only conclude that these pesky facts did not support the premise that he seemed determined to write. Here are a few facts we discussed with Edsall that we think your readers are entitled to know. For starters, Edsall's "struggle for intra-party supremacy" is simply untrue. It's unclear how he can make such a sweeping allegation while never citing a credible, on-the-record source. The truth is that Governor Howard Dean and Senator Hillary Clinton enjoy a great working relationship. As we pointed out to Edsall, Dean has been, and continues to be, very supportive of Clinton, working to ensure that she is reelected in New York state; and Clinton is supportive of Dean's efforts at the Democratic National Committee (DNC). Both Senator Clinton and President Clinton have helped to raise money for the DNC in the 2006 cycle. Senator Clinton recently hosted a fund-raiser at the Clintons' home in Washington DC, and President Clinton headlined a fund-raiser in April. Together, these events have helped to raise over $2 million for the DNC, and Senator Clinton will speak again at a DNC fund-raiser this fall. Edsall further misrepresents what Dean has said about what Democrats need to do to regain power. While he gives a portion of a quote from Dean's book, *You Have the Power*, here's the second part that he failed to include: "We should be getting back to winning elections the



old-fashioned way: by listening and reaching out to voters. That, in fact, was the Bill Clinton way." This is a fundamental point that Dean has made consistently from the time he ran for DNC chair until today—that our party must do the hard work of rebuilding from the ground up, investing in infrastructure, and standing up for what we believe in. As he says all the time, standing up for our beliefs, organizing, and transforming our party into a grassroots organization can win in all 50 states. Hillary Clinton agrees. As she said at a DNC luncheon last year of Dean: "He's helping to build state parties; he's making it clear that the Democratic Party is a national party—we'll compete for positions from the bottom of the ticket to the top of the ticket throughout our country." At a July 12 event at her home, she said, "Howard understands the importance of building our democratic infrastructure and the value of competing in places where we

Please address letters to Correspondence, **The New Republic**, 1331 H Street, NW, Suite 700, Washington, D.C. 20005; letters may also be sent electronically to letters@tnr.com. All letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be fewer than 200 words. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please do not send letters via fax.

THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 235, Number 13, Issue 4,784, September 25, 2006. (Printed in the United States on September 14, 2006.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 20 & 27, June 5 & 12, July 10 & 17, August 14 & 21, September 11 & 18, and November 27 & December 4, 2006) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Jillian Wheat at (202) 508-4444. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds). Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). © 2006 by The New Republic, LLC. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call (800) 827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't usually compete." We realize that a story about a divided Democratic party may be more dramatic—but it's not true.

ANN LEWIS
Director of Communications
HILLPAC
KAREN FINNEY
Director of Communications
Democratic National Committee
Washington, D.C.

SMELLS LIKE BEAN SPIRIT

DAVID HAJDU COMPARES STARBUCKS to Josef Stalin, complains about the names of the drinks and the prices, and eventually reveals the stunning fact that it's impossible for a greatest hits CD to do justice to the career of, say, Elvis or Miles Davis ("The Music of Starbucks," August 7). Reality check: Giant corporations are, by definition, unhip. Most of us stop at Starbucks neither to worship nor to be educated, but because, anywhere in America, we know exactly what we'll find: clean, single-occupant restrooms, pretty girls in glasses, and a reliably decent cup of joe.

AUGUST M. PETROVICH
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

OK, ELLA FITZGERALD FOOLED around with rock. But does Hajdu really believe that those forays deserve a place beside her masterful jazz and standards? Does he really believe that Miles Davis's late, pathetic electronic fumblings compare to his splendid, truly innovative, straight-ahead jazz? Starbucks's musical taste may be tame, but it's actually not bad. Finally, the comparison of Starbucks's approach to the music business and that of Stalin goes beyond bad taste. It is foolish and obscene.

PAUL ZIPKIN
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

THE THIN RED LINE

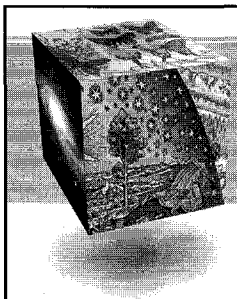
IN 2004, THE NEW REPUBLIC PUBlished an essay in which Peter Beinart lamented the increasingly narrow demographics of the Armed Forces ("Two Countries," May 10). I wrote a letter praising Beinart's piece and offering a way to vindicate his concern: One of TNR's staff should serve, and do so publicly. To my puzzlement, when the letter was published, my public-spirited challenge—which I had thought was transparently the main point of the thing—had been edited out. In July of this year, I wrote an essay for *The Chronicle of Higher Education* in which I speculated that this minor editorial decision revealed the very mindset that troubled Beinart, whereby military service is not something most members of the educated elite would seriously consider as a career option. Since that time, a number of blogs, mostly following David Sirota's entries on *Daily Kos* and elsewhere, have cited my *Chronicle* essay as evidence of deceptive and self-serving editing on TNR's part. (Ironically, these entries themselves quoted me in such a way that it appeared that I shared their suspicions.) My challenge remains, for TNR's eligible staffers or others who share Beinart's concerns and are in a position to influence the attitudes of the privileged young. We cannot reasonably hope to see more elite youth in national service until the example has been set by elite leaders. But I do not believe that TNR engaged in dishonest editorial practices in handling my original letter. Rather, my suggestion was only that unconscious or unexamined attitudes toward military service may have affected otherwise sincere editorial decisions. Any impression to the contrary reflects careless writing on my part.

JOHN RENEHAN
Second Lieutenant
U.S. Army, Third Infantry Division
Fort Stewart, Georgia

THE EDITORS RESPOND:
TNR's letters policy, like that of most magazines and newspapers, is to edit correspondence for length, clarity, and focus. While we sympathize with Lieutenant Renehan that his challenge found itself on the cutting-room floor, we assure him it was in good company.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

"Ace in the Hole" (August 28) incorrectly lists the age of Nancy Cunningham's grandmother. She is 97, not 87. Nancy also received an EdD in educational administration, not a PhD. Finally, Duke Cunningham's lawyer is K. Lee Blalack II, not K. Lee Blalack III. We regret the errors.



CALL-FOR-PROPOSALS
Up to $500,000 Grants over Three-to-Four Years
Templeton Research Lectures on the Constructive Engagement of Science and Religion

Deadline: January 1, 2007

Science can inspire greater reverence, wonder, and awe. It also poses with urgency traditionally religious questions of meaning and purpose, of virtues and values. Science provides a continuous stream of remarkable insights into the nature of reality across a wide range of domains. By giving rise to astonishing transformations, science changes both our world and our worldviews.

The goal is to promote the constructive engagement and original research between the physical, biological, and human sciences and those modes of inquiry and understanding generally found within the domains of theology, religious studies, and philosophy. This project is designed as a catalyst for original research and progress. The program seeks to create long-term networks for vibrant and broadly significant scholarly exchange and continuing interdisciplinary endeavors.

This project is administrated by the Metanexus Institute on behalf of the John Templeton Foundation. For more information, go to www.metanexus.net/lectures. Applicants are invited to discuss their proposals with the project director prior to submitting them. All inquiries should be directed to:

Metanexus INSTITUTE

William Grassie, Ph.D.
Executive Director
Metanexus Institute
3624 Market Street, Suite 301
Philadelphia, PA 19104 USA

Voice: 215.789.2200
FAX: 215.789.2222
Email: lectures@metanexus.net
www.metanexus.net/lectures

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ism Schism

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE fighting, you can't beat them. In World War II, the enemy was clear: the Axis powers. In the cold war, the enemy was fuzzier. George Kennan, architect of President Truman's early containment policies, believed we were fighting one country: the Soviet Union. But Dean Acheson, Truman's secretary of state, believed the Soviets controlled communist movements in every country. This contradiction came back to haunt Truman's successors, who assumed that, because the Viet Cong were communists, they were Soviet agents, and thus a threat to the United States.

But if the cold war was imprecise, it was a marvel of clarity compared with the war on terrorism. First, in the days after September 11, we were fighting "terrorism." But that put us at war with Sri Lanka's Tamil Tigers and Spain's Basque separatists, both of which blow up civilians for political gain. Terrorism, a thousand critics noted, is not an opponent; it is a tactic. So, in his 2002 State of the Union address, President Bush turned his attention to the "axis of evil": Iraq, Iran, and North Korea, and their terrorist minions. Except that Iraq and North Korea didn't really have terrorist minions, and Iran's were not those who attacked us on September 11. Now North Korea—a diversity pick from the beginning—has fallen off the list. And the president is suggesting that our enemy has something to do with Islam after all. We are fighting "Islamofascism."

"Islamofascism" has become widely popular on the right, which is ironic given that it was primarily designed to appeal to the left. When Paul Berman and Christopher Hitchens popularized the concept, they were trying to prevent their fellow leftists from investing Osama bin Laden with anti-imperialist legitimacy. To the contrary, they argued, fighting Al Qaeda was part of the left's grand anti-fascist tradition. It was a noble effort, but there were problems. At its core, fascism involves worship of the nation. Bin Laden, however, isn't an ultra-nationalist; he's an ultra anti-nationalist. He sees Middle Eastern countries as insidious, Western impositions that must be abolished so Muslims can reunite under a theocratic caliphate.

Berman and Hitchens also applied the epithet to Saddam Hussein, and here they were on stronger ground, since Saddam's Baath ideology was not merely violent and lawless, but hyper-nationalist as well. But, while Saddam may have been a species of fascist, he wasn't an *Islamo*-fascist. Baathism's prime theoretician, Michel Aflaq, was a Christian, and Saddam ran one of the most secular regimes in the Middle East. Just as Mussolini was an Italian fascist, not a Christian one, Saddam's fascism deserved not a religious modifier but a (pan) national one: Arab.

The more apt epithet for bin Laden is totalitarian. Hannah Arendt, totalitarian's foremost interpreter, insisted that totalitarianism and fascism were different. Totalitarians need not deify the nation: Hitler imagined a race-based utopia and Stalin imagined a class-based one. What linked them, in the philosopher Michael Walzer's words, was their "political messianism"—their vision of a perfect new world brought about through coercive state power. The perfection of the vision mandated the scope of the coercion: It had to be total. Most dictators merely try to control political behavior—behavior that threatens their hold on power. But, in a totalitarian state, all behavior is political because everyone must do their part to create a perfect world. In fascist Italy, the church remained largely autonomous. In a totalitarian state, however, you either actively participate in the ideological project or you are an enemy. Such a state, Arendt wrote, cannot permit "the autonomous existence of any activity whatsoever." It cannot even allow "the neutrality of chess."

For Al Qaeda, the utopia is religious. Bin Laden and his supporters call themselves *salafis*, from the word *salaf*, which refers to Mohammed's companions in the seventh century. And, since *salafi* society was perfect, recreating it requires total state control. A true Islamic state, wrote the influential *salafist* theoretician Maulana Maududi, must have a "sphere of activity [that] is co-extensive with human life. ... In such a state, no one can regard any field of his affairs as personal and private." Thus, the Taliban banned chess and virtually every game or hobby. Music, said the Taliban's education minister, "creates a strain in the mind and hampers study of Islam." In other words, it hinders the effort to create the pure Muslims required for a pure Islamic society.

So Islamic (or more precisely, *salafi*) totalitarianism is a good description of what bin Laden's followers believe. But Bush doesn't apply the term Islamofascist merely to followers of Al Qaeda; he applies it to the insurgents in Iraq and to the regime in Iran. And, in so doing, he destroys its clarity. The average Iraqi insurgent is not fighting to usher in a utopian vision of Islam; he is fighting because an American soldier killed his cousin or because Shia are stealing his country. America's enemy in Iraq includes totalitarians, but it is mostly nationalist and tribalist.

Iran isn't really totalitarian either. Its hybrid political system is far from democratic (and has grown more oppressive in recent years) but still permits some public disagreement. Within limits, it allows people to differ about the definition of an Islamic state, something a totalitarian regime cannot allow. Iran has also proved half-hearted about regulating apolitical behavior—the kind that doesn't threaten the regime but impedes utopia. Ayatollah Khomeini refused to ban non-Islamic music, art, and, yes, chess. And, unlike the Taliban, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad has said he doesn't care how citizens cut their hair. Tehran's goal is less popular mobilization than popular indifference. As Boston University's H. E. Chehabi has put it, if the totalitarian state's motto is "those who are not for us are against us," Iran's motto is "those who are not against us are for us."

That doesn't make Iran benign. But it does raise questions about whether the claim Arendt made about totalitarian regimes—that their messianic character made them inherently expansionist—fits Ahmadinejad's, too. A war against Islamic totalitarianism has clear boundaries: It means a struggle against violent *salafis*. A war against Islamofascism does not, and that is precisely the point: It lets the Bush administration add enemies—first Iraq, now Iran—while implying that they share Al Qaeda's ideology and represent the same kind of threat. That's not true, and five years after September 11, it has left Americans increasingly confused about who we are fighting, and increasingly skeptical that we can win. **PETER BEINART**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Center Folds

THE FATE OF Rhode Island Republican Senator Lincoln Chafee is widely considered a political test of our times: Can a centrist survive the age of ideology? This week, Chafee gave hope to those who pine for aisle-crossing politicians by surviving a primary putsch mounted by the tax-cutting maniacs who operate a firm, called the Club for Growth, that exists to purge party-line deviants. But the travails of the GOP moderate are never-ending. Now, Chafee must beat back a Democrat in a state that overwhelmingly went for John Kerry in 2004.

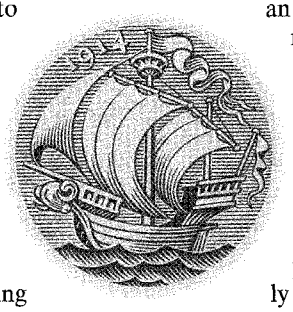
This November, control of Congress hinges upon the reelection of Republican moderates—especially those in the Northeast, such as Chafee and Connecticut Representative Christopher Shays. Inevitably, these dwindling, endangered few present their survival as an essential cause for all those who care about decency and goodwill. "I feel a moral obligation to make sure I do everything I can to make sure moderates have a place in this party," pleads Shays.

We don't want moderate Republicans to disappear, right? Surely we don't want Congress to descend irrevocably into bitter partisanship, do we? Actually, yes, we do. This November, it's time for voters to wipe out the remnants of the GOP's moderate wing—and without regrets.

When GOP moderates appeal to the spirit of bipartisanship or claim they can influence their leadership, they are recalling a bygone era. For the longest time, U.S. parties lacked ideological coherence. Northern liberals voted Republican and Southern conservatives voted Democrat, with the result that party affiliation meant less in the United States than in nearly any other democracy. In this world, it made sense to evaluate your senator or representative less on party affiliation than philosophical convictions.

This system still held sway the last time Democrats controlled Congress. As Bill Clinton learned, party moderates felt no obligation to support his agenda. Centrist Democrats from oil-producing states sunk Clinton's broad-based energy tax. Moderates allied with the insurance industry against his health care reform. If you wanted to circumscribe the Clinton agenda, then electing moderate Democrats was a good way to go about it.

From the moment they took power in 1995, Republicans made it clear that they would act differently. Those Republicans who wanted to head committees had to pledge their loyalty to the party agenda. Republicans saw themselves less as a traditional U.S. political party—with diffuse power and independent personalities—than a parliamentary majority working in unison. From a standpoint of effectiveness, the GOP's record of winning floor votes and clinging to a majority in support of an often-unpopular agenda is impressive.



Of course, maintaining that majority has required Republicans to win the votes of many Americans who don't support their agenda. That's where the GOP moderates come in. Unlike the moderate wing of the old Democratic majority, they seldom do anything without the tacit consent of the leadership. GOP moderates are allowed—indeed, encouraged—to publicly scold their party leaders, because that's how they hold onto their districts.

But these displays of independence are a sham. Republicans have invented, or perfected, numerous methods of projecting the fake image of intraparty dissent. One trick is something they privately call "catch and release," whereby they let members from vulnerable districts vote against the leadership—unless their vote is decisive, in which case they are pressured to recant. Last year, for instance, Pennsylvania Representative Jim Gerlach reversed himself and provided the decisive vote for a refinery bill.

When this political trick won't work, they'll try another method: rewriting bills behind closed doors. They'll let the House and Senate vote for something popular—say, allowing the importation of prescription drugs—and then quietly remove the provision in a members-only reconciliation conference. Or there's the cherished method of scheduling votes with an election year apology already in mind. So, for instance, Republican moderates in 2001 and 2003 cast votes declaring their support for smaller tax cuts less weighted to the affluent than what President Bush proposed, before ultimately voting for Bush's plan.

At best, moderate Republicans have been hapless dupes. At worst, they've been co-conspirators. In either case, they have done almost nothing to alleviate the radical or corrupt tendencies of Republican Washington. Extinguishing the moderates at the polls this November is not a vote for mindless partisanship. It is simply a vote for transparency.■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Dispatch

Splitting Heirs

BY JAMES WOOD

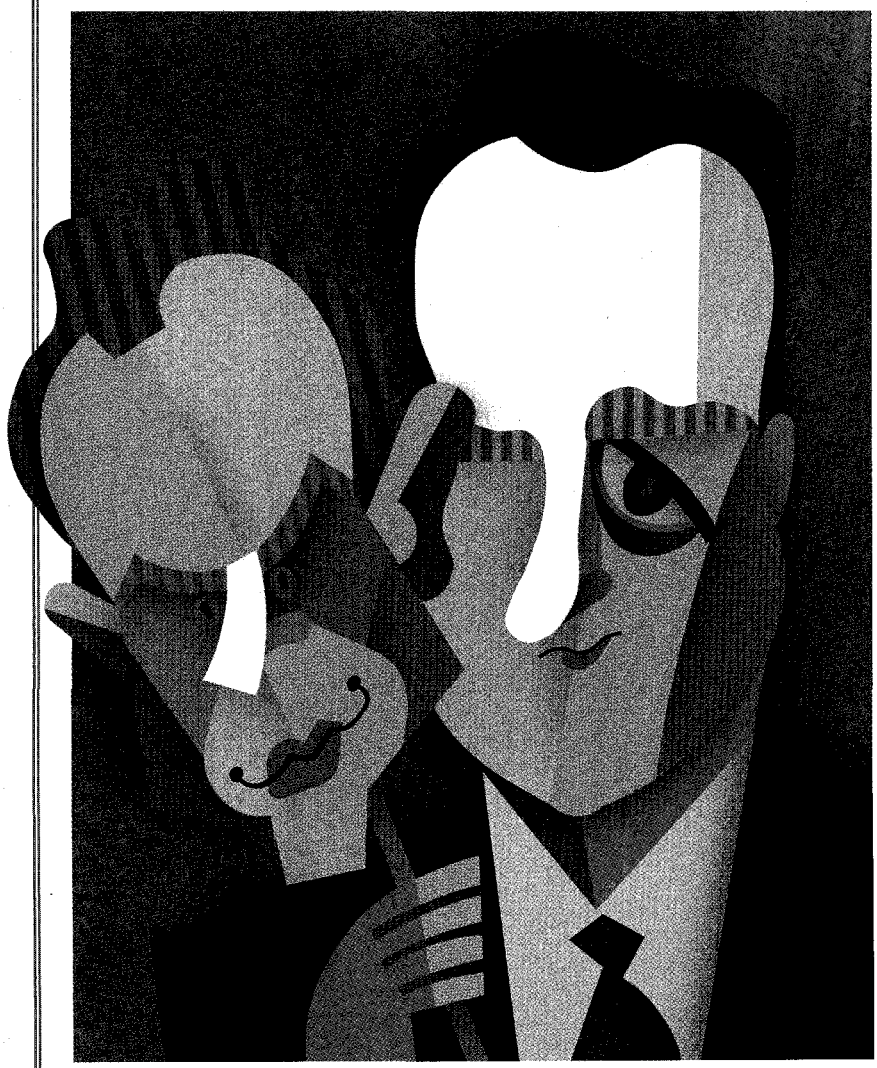
IT SOMETIMES SEEMS as if half of the British population is writing a column for a newspaper, and the other half is reading it. Nothing happens in that country until it has been tabloidized, columnized, turned into scuffle and counter-scuffle, gossip and counter-gossip. And the biggest tabloid show in recent years has been the dysfunctional marriage between the prime minister and his heir apparent, Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown. This being Great Britain, it is not enough that the newspapers and TV channels cover the event; the politicians themselves must carry on like journalists. Both camps, Blair and Brown, have their "own" reporters, to whom they feed recriminations and complaints, which are duly reproduced the next day in the appropriate newspaper—death by a thousand leaks. If this fails, each camp can mobilize a loyal member of parliament to pen a quick column.

Even by British standards, this squabbling has been tawdry and demeaning, and, in the last year or so, it has begun to look like an electoral liability. That is why, three weeks ago, eight junior members of Tony Blair's government resigned their ministerial posts and called upon the prime minister to announce the date of his departure—which would also be the date when Brown replaces him. Of course, the junior ministers are of Brown's camp, and journalistic opinion now seems to be that they acted at Brown's behest: He is tired of waiting for the crown to fall into his lap, and he has decided to seize it. Mark Antony has become Brutus.

Blair at first refused to budge, and then he testily announced that he would leave office by the autumn of next year, though in a manner of his choosing. Almost simultaneously, a memo—presumably prepared by Blair's advisers—mysteriously found its way onto the pages of a tabloid, *The Daily Mirror*. The nation guffawed: The memo, titled "Reconnecting with the public—a new relationship with the media" (of course!), lays out a plan for a kind of farewell magical mystery tour for Blair next year. He should appear on three shows (a children's TV show, a radio chat show hosted by a man with a silly accent, and a venerable BBC institution on Sunday evenings called "Song of Praise," in which jolly churchgoers sing hymns for what seems like a very long hour). The memo further recommended that the prime minister should visit 20 of the most striking buildings erected since 1997 (the year Blair first took office). It continued: "He needs to go with the crowds wanting more. He should be the star who won't even play that last encore. ... He needs to embrace open spaces, the arts and businesses, he needs to be seen traveling on different forms of transport. He needs to be seen with people who will raise eyebrows." No need for that last suggestion, now: Eyebrows will need to be lowered from their painfully raised rictus.

How did it get so bad? We have to go back to 1994, when the Labour Party had been out of office for 15 years and was at last excitedly sniffing power. The party's widely respected leader, a sober Scottish lawyer named John Smith, had collapsed from a heart attack, and Brown and Blair, the coming men, were vying for the job. Back then, Brown—the quintessential party man—was considered

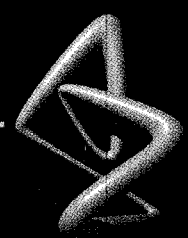
David Cameron, Tory Party leader.



DAVID COWLES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Does This Stand For?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the frontrunner. The Labour Party had a history of factionalism, ideological warring, and ill-discipline. Both Brown and Blair wanted to avoid a bitter fight, and, on May 31 of that year, at a trendy, now properly defunct restaurant called Granita in North London, Blair made a deal with Brown in which Brown agreed not to contest the leader's job on the understanding that, if the party were elected, Brown would be appointed to head the treasury, with broad power as chancellor of the Exchequer to run the economy as he saw fit. The "Granita deal" has iconic status in British life now, joining other sainted historical cruxes like King Alfred's burning of the cakes, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and Lord Nelson's dying words. It is unclear what, precisely, was promised. Brown's camp insists that Blair promised to fight only two elections, to stand down during a second term—assuming Labour stayed in power that long—and to hand over the prime minister's job to his chancellor. Brown's camp is at pains to stress that Brown did not ask for this arrangement; it was freely offered.

Blair duly became leader of the Labour Party, and he won a landslide victory in the general election of 1997, a slightly smaller victory in 2001, and a savagely reduced share of the vote in 2005. Brown became chancellor, a job he has held longer than any chancellor since 1832. He has had massive freedom to shape the British economy, and he runs the treasury as a fiefdom virtually independent of Blair's office. It has all worked out quite nicely—except that Blair never quit.

THE PIANIST ARTUR SCHNABEL once said that he didn't give encores because the audience's applause is the receipt, not the bill. Blair, it seems, doesn't understand this. He has become the star who won't stop giving encores. Everything changed with Iraq. People had satirized the Blair machine for its addiction to spin—and for the prime minister's tyrannical control over his once-divisive party. But his pious, earnestly frowning demeanor, with his hectic dentition and the vicar's voice so reminiscent of Sunday morning in the pew, was probably enjoyed as much as it was disliked; it did not yet seem unctuous. Yet the number of people who supported Britain's intervention in Iraq could have been squeezed onto one of the Hebridean islands, and, since 2003, it has been hard to find a good word for Blair, inside or outside his party. In the 2005 election, despite the fact that the Conservatives barely represented a viable opposition, Labour won only 35.2 percent of the national vote, to the Conservatives' 32.3 percent. The Ides of March beckoned for Blair; and Brown/Brutus was getting itchy.

The reason all this has come to a head, apart from Brown's impatience, is that the Conservative Party has an attractive, young new leader named David Cameron. It looks as if Brown and Cameron will face each other in a general election likely to be held in 2009, and it is by no means certain that the dour Brown, vastly more experienced than Cameron though he is, will win. Brown's supporters are very keen to let their man enjoy at least a couple of years in charge so that his deeds can count more than Cameron's words.

Gordon Brown is a rather attractively old-fashioned figure. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and, raised in Adam Smith's town, Kirkcaldy, in Fife, he has Presbyterian virtues: He is sober, prudent (one of his favorite words), a little stolid. He is the anti-Blair. No seducer of the press, he speaks with measured gravity. Blair went to a fancy Scottish private school, and Brown to the local high school. He entered Edinburgh University at 16, studied history, and went on to write a doctorate there about the Labour Party in Scotland. Blair seems to have no great devotion to his party, and he has successfully renovated it by copying many of Margaret Thatcher's policies. Brown, by contrast, is a devoted Labour man. He has what seems a very Scottish, even Presbyterian, devotion to social justice and the redistribution of wealth. As chancellor, he has presided over a long period of economic growth, with low inflation and low unemployment, which has allowed him to stealthily tax the wealthy and give financial credits to the poor. He has massively increased funding to the health and educational systems; there have been real, if small, improvements in both.

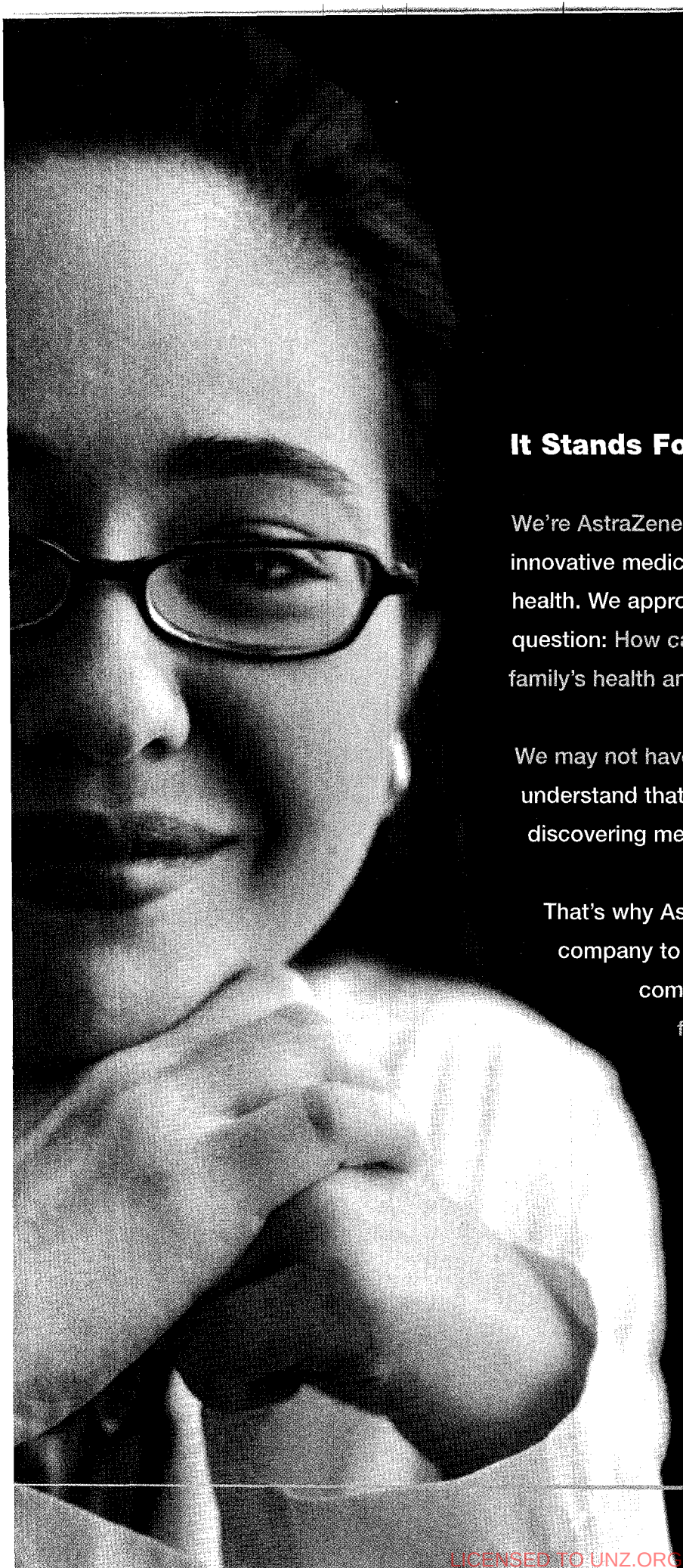
Cameron is a youthful 39, 15 years younger than Brown. The two men offer a study in contrast. If Brown fairly vibrates with Scottishness, Cameron (despite his Scottish name) is all Englishness. He was born in Oxfordshire, the son of a stockbroker. His wife is the daughter of a baronet. Cameron went to Eton, where he was my exact contemporary. Though I hardly knew him—we were from rather different social classes—in those days he seemed a natural Etonian, and he seems one still: gently entitled, socially charming and at ease, attractively confident. After Eton, he went to Oxford, and he has worked both as a political adviser and as a director of corporate affairs for a TV company. His political experience is slender: He has been a member of Parliament since 2001 and the leader of his party since December 2005.

THE COUNTRY KNOWS very little about the likely political decisions of either man. As chancellor, Brown has been a soft socialist with a cold Thatcherite heart, and he has kept the economy ticking along nicely. One could assume that a Brown government will retain the British pound and continue to give priority to the funding of public services (what the welfare state is now less threateningly called). But part of the sullen pain of his agon with Blair has meant that Brown has silently agreed to the prime minister's more flamboyant gestures while keeping his head down and running his own kingdom. His public support for the Iraq intervention has been lukewarm, and he is generally thought to lack Blair's messianic zeal in foreign affairs (except for a laudable involvement in reducing African debt); but no one really knows what a Brownian foreign policy would look like.

Cameron, meanwhile, has been shrewdly modernizing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©2006 AstraZeneca Pharmaceuticals LP



It Stands For Commitment.

We're AstraZeneca and we discover and develop innovative medicines designed to improve patient health. We approach every challenge with the same question: How can we enhance your health, your family's health and the health of your community.

We may not have all the answers, but we do understand that our responsibility goes beyond just discovering medicines.

That's why AstraZeneca is the first pharmaceutical company to join the FDA Alliance — a coalition committed to a strong, effective and well-funded Food and Drug Administration. We believe it is in the best interest of patients and physicians who every day rely on the FDA's resources, expertise and leadership.

That's what AstraZeneca stands for. For more information, visit www.astrazeneca-us.com.

AstraZeneca

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the image of the Conservatives—by copying Tony Blair and heading shamelessly for the center (poetic justice, since Blair has often said how much he admired Thatcher). Conservatives who dislike Cameron—and there are plenty—like to say that, just as Blair destroyed the old Labour Party to make his so-called "New Labour," so Cameron, channeling Blair, is destroying the old Conservative Party. His supporters are more apt to claim that, just as Blair destroyed the old Labour Party, now Cameron, channeling Blair, will destroy New Labour in the election of 2009. Cameron has made the environment a big priority, and he likes to cycle to work. He has voted for civil partnerships, which give legal recognition to same-sex couples, and he has voted against Blair's obsessive desire to introduce national identity cards. On a recent trip to India, he sent back a daily blog, complete with video clips. His wife, creative director of the posh stationery company Smythson, has a dolphin tattooed on her ankle. Most importantly, he has gracefully diverted attention from the remarkable anachronism of his Etonian background. Orwell said that Englishmen are branded on their tongues, and Cameron's green-welly accent certainly gives him away. Yet, on television, he seems a merely well-educated modern fellow, almost (if not quite) classless—like the current prime minister.

But what would a Cameron government look like? It looks as if, like Brown's, it would retain the pound and give priority to public services. And, like Brown, Cameron speaks an essentially Thatcherite managerial language about making these public services more efficient and consumer-friendly. In a recent foreign policy speech, Cameron laid out his stall as what he calls a "liberal conservative." He would be less pro-American than Blair. (But so would Brown.) At least in tone, Cameron sounds more obviously conservative than Brown. He proposes three principles: "First, a realistic appreciation of the scale of the threat the world faces from terrorism. Second, a conviction that preemptive military action is not only an appropriate, but a necessary component of tackling the terrorist threat in the short term. And, third, a belief that, in the medium and long term, the promotion of freedom and democracy—including through regime change—is the best guarantee of our security." This certainly sounds more bullish and more traditionally Conservative than the old Labour line on foreign policy—a party once committed to unilateral nuclear disarmament. But then Cameron goes on to talk about building "moral authority" and "humility," virtues he thinks Blair has lacked, and suddenly he sounds pretty much how one imagines Brown will sound. And Cameron knows perfectly well that talk about preemptive action is just talk: No British prime minister is going to support the Americans in preemptive action for a very long time.

Blair has died, long live Blair! For whatever the prime minister does in the next year, it seems perfectly possible that Brown will lose to Cameron in 2009, and that the country will be led for several years, perhaps much longer, by Blair's natural heir, rather than the one unnaturally begot all those years ago at Granita. ■

The CBC's token Jew?

Yo Vey!

BY JONATHAN MARTIN

On March 3, Tennessee State Senator Steve Cohen made a bold campaign pledge. If elected to Congress this fall, the balding and bespectacled Jewish Democrat told a Washington reporter, he would seek to become "the first white member" of the Congressional Black Caucus (CBC).

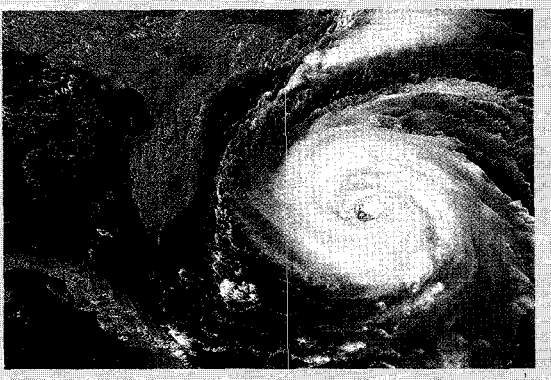
Cohen is vying for the seat vacated by fellow Democrat Representative Harold Ford Jr., who is running for Senate. Should he be elected, Ford will be the first black senator from the South since Reconstruction. Should Cohen be elected, he will be the first Jew *ever* sent to the House from a majority black district (not to mention the first Jew ever to apply to the CBC). But the weighty possibility of making history doesn't seem to faze Cohen, the 24-year veteran of a state Senate seat in a racially mixed district who likens his voting record to that of "a black woman." A Great Society Democrat in a region that favors New Democrats, he describes himself as "definitely a liberal" in a state that definitely isn't. Cohen, 57, calls Jackson Browne and Julian Bond friends, admires Barack Obama, Russ Feingold, and George McGovern, and says he loves Memphis's famed barbecue and ribs "more than anybody."

But Cohen's black friends and conspicuous pork consumption still didn't impress some of his 14 primary opponents. One black candidate publicly pointed out that Cohen's election would mean that "for the first time in thirty years," the city "could be without African American representation." Another paid for a push poll in which recipients were reportedly asked, "Are you more likely to vote for a born-again Christian or a Jew?" A third, just three days before the primary, went even further. Pouncing on Cohen's pledge to join the CBC, longtime Shelby County Commissioner Julian Bolton sneered, "The only reason he wants to join is that he wants to get money for Israel."

Despite such attacks, Cohen was able to capture 31 percent of the vote in the August 3 primary. Most importantly, his respectable showing in heavily minority precincts enabled him to claim victory. But, even in a safe Democratic district, Cohen's path to Washington still isn't clear.

A few weeks after Cohen won the primary, I spoke with him from his home in Memphis. As much aging hipster as ambitious pol, Cohen retrieved the liner notes from a David Crosby LP from 1971 to emphasize his deeper aspirations. He'd like to give those "who really run this land" a "piece of my mind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOMELAND SECURITY IS STRENGTHENING OUR NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN BORDERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BIGGEST THREAT WE FACE MAY ATTACK FROM THE EAST.

Last year, a record number of hurricanes formed in the Atlantic basin. This wasn't just bad luck. There's actually a scientific reason behind it: The Atlantic Ocean has become warmer than average. Scientists say this temperature cycle could bring us more devastating hurricanes for at least the next decade. As of 2004, the property value in the 18 East and Gulf Coast states totaled $6.9 trillion. That's over half the entire U.S. GDP.

We can't afford to leave ourselves exposed like this any longer.

Today, Congress is working with state and local officials and the private sector to create a financially responsible solution to prepare and protect Americans from future natural catastrophes like hurricanes and earthquakes. H.R. 4366 and S. 3117 use insurance premiums — not tax dollars — to create a financial backstop against disaster and help Americans better prepare themselves for these events. It is truly a cause worthy of your and every American's support.

IT'S TIME TO STRENGTHEN OUR DEFENSES.

Visit www.protectingamerica.org and urge Congress to get our country ready for the next big attack.

© 2006 ProtectingAmerica.org

BE PART OF PROTECTING AMERICA.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about peace for mankind." But, beyond sharing these Age of Aquarius dreams, Cohen wasn't focused on politics; he had more immediate issues to contend with. He'd had three kidney stones removed in ten days and had just moved his reluctant 91-year-old mother into a retirement home. "She's sitting shiva, saying, 'I never thought this day would come,' " the native Memphian said in an accent not typically associated with references to Judaic bereavement tradition.

But Stephen Ira Cohen is anything but typical. The grandson of a Lithuanian immigrant–turned–newsstand owner and son of a doctor, Cohen has been consumed by politics since John F. Kennedy made a campaign stop in Memphis in 1960. Then eleven years old, he got a picture of his political hero sitting atop a convertible that still hangs in his office. After law school at Memphis State and stints on the Shelby County Commission (the governing body for Memphis's surrounding county) and as a judge, Cohen was elected to the state Senate in 1982. He is known mostly for two things: his midwifery of Tennessee's popular lottery for education and a garrulous, hard-charging personality. "He can be kind of a pain in the butt," says *The Tennessean* political columnist Larry Daughtrey, a 40-year observer of the state's political scene. "He's very outspoken, very persistent, and a lot more cerebral than most of his colleagues."

Cohen is also "probably the most liberal white member in the legislature," Daughtrey observes, "perhaps even more so than most of the black members." Well to the left on a litany of social issues (for civil unions, abortion rights, separation of church and state, and giving ex-felons the right to vote), Cohen has pushed to create an income tax in a state that has for years fiercely resisted one.

In 1996, when Representative Harold Ford Sr. stepped down from his House seat to become a lobbyist, Cohen decided to expand his political career beyond the confines of local politics. But there was someone already in his way—26-year-old Harold Ford Jr. "I'd spent fourteen years in the Senate, had the experience, and didn't like the idea of [the seat] being handed down like an heirloom," Cohen recalled. In addition to his father's political clout, Ford had the advantage of being a black running against a Jew in a 60 percent black district. Jews, including the two college students killed along with a local black man in Philadelphia, Mississippi, during the "freedom summer" of 1964, were some of the most fervent advocates for civil rights. But, since then, there have been uneasy relations between the two communities, exacerbated by Jesse Jackson ("Hymietown"), Al Sharpton ("Interlopers"), and Louis Farrakhan (where to begin?). The cultural hurdles for Cohen were considerable (he even aired a campaign ad of the lone Chinese protester blocking the tank in Tiananmen Square to symbolize what he was up against).

Despite the long odds, Cohen gave it everything he had until the polls closed. Worn out by the time he got to his election night party, Cohen did not take his 25-percentage-point trouncing by the untested scion well. Irked by Ford's considerable margins in black precincts, his mouth got the better of him. "It is impossible for a person who is not African American to get a large vote in the African American community ... against a substantial candidate," Cohen lashed out. "The fact is, I am white, and it doesn't seem to matter what you do."

Reflecting on his comments ten years later, Cohen admitted they were "impolitic." But he also doesn't deny that there is truth to what he said. "Race is still an important factor in voting."

COHEN MAY HAVE thought that he had finally transcended the race barrier with his primary win. But, in a *Groundhog Day* scenario, another candidate has recently come forward who not only is black but who also has instant name recognition. Though his sparse campaign website lists him as a prep-school and college dropout who works for his father's lobbying operation, Jake Ford is making an Independent bid for his brother's seat. As he explains on his homepage, he's a "lifelong Democrat" who considered entering the primary but declined after deeming it impossible that "a true issue-oriented race could be conducted."

But can a 33-year-old candidate who ticks off the years he spent at St. Albans only to list "G.E.D. Diploma 1992" in his online bio—and who, as late as Labor Day, refused to discuss his campaign with the local press—really mount a credible challenge to Cohen? With a last name that still carries weight with many black voters, says Marcus Pohlmann, a political science professor at Memphis's Rhodes College, even this lesser Ford could potentially do so. "If bitterness does spill over from the primary, it could boost Jake."

Cohen said the question is simple: "Will people vote for family lineage or for experiences and results?" If the 1996 race is any guide, it will be the former. And, compounding the problem for Cohen, neither Ford Senior nor Junior has made his intentions known. Cohen said he "suspect[s] a major effort by" the elder Ford on behalf of Jake is in the offing, including a "full tilt" push in the black churches down the final stretch of the campaign similar to 1996. As for the younger Ford, Cohen ran into him recently and was given a mysterious answer. "He said he'd support me but couldn't endorse me," Cohen said, adding that Ford told him that he "doesn't get involved in local races."

Carol Andrews, a spokesperson for Ford's campaign, offers much the same: "Harold Ford is running for the Senate and is focused totally on his campaign." Such coyness is a mistake, said Cohen. "I've got a constituency throughout the state that he needs," he claims, referring to the following he has developed thanks to his support for the education lottery and other causes held dear by local white liberals. Cohen added that, by backing his bid, the young representative would also show—referring to Ford's oft-cited slogan—"that he is indeed a 'new generation of leadership'" that is above race.

Jonathan Martin is a staff writer at NATIONAL JOURNAL*'s* THE HOTLINE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would also be good strategy, says Daughtrey, the *Tennessean* columnist. Recently, several members of the Ford family who have also dabbled in politics have become ensnared in corruption and bribery charges. Harold Ford Jr., according to Daughtrey, would "just as soon give Jake a ticket to Shanghai" to avoid any more of the persistent questions about his family's travails that have emerged during the campaign.

Just a few weeks ago, the black mayors of both Shelby County and Memphis publicly endorsed Cohen and took direct shots at Jake Ford. But it is still unknown how many black Memphians will want to end the Ford family's 32-year hold on the seat. In the meantime, Cohen noted that Harold Ford Jr. tells those who would oppose him as senator because of his race, "God bless." After his own campaign is over, Cohen said, he, too, "will also have a lot of people to God bless." And then, he put it in terms befitting an aspiring CBC member: "To say I shouldn't run is to say that Dr. King's dream is a failure. If they can't accept me, then they can't accept anybody." ■

Competence v. Bush.

Heckuva Job

BY NOAM SCHEIBER

SANDBRIDGE WAS ONCE a sleepy patch of coastline tucked between Virginia Beach and the North Carolina border. Until about 50 years ago, no one but the odd duck hunter or fisherman ever set foot here. That's when Phil Kellam's dad brokered the deal that brought development to the area. Today, a mix of modest bungalows, high-rise condos, and multimillion dollar homes lines the coast.

Kellam, the Democrat hoping to represent this southern corner of Virginia in Congress, is telling me this as we head north along the main local artery in a Ford SUV. But, just before we get to his father's old beach house—"the first permanent foundation house down here"—the aide who's driving hits the brakes. "Why are you stopping?" Kellam asks. "I'm not going to make it through that water," comes the response. He would seem to have a point. In front of us looms a 50-foot long puddle, and there's an orange sign in the middle that reads, "High water." Somewhat ominously, the puddle has obscured the bottom of the word "water." But Kellam is having none of it. The following debate ensues:

Kellam: Yeah, you can get through there. I promise you can get through that water.
Aide [to me]: You heard that now? You've got the recorder. I don't know. I don't like the looks of this.
Kellam: It's fine. Trust me. It's fine.
Aide: Great—there's another one I don't like. 'Trust me.' ...

The driver presses ahead sheepishly, though without incident. Then, maybe 100 yards up the road, he stops at a similar puddle. "This gets a little deeper right there," says Kellam. "You don't want to go through that." As we're turning around, I ask Kellam how he could he possibly tell one puddle from the other. "There's a dip right there," he shrugs. "I can remember coming down here as a kid, eating tomatoes all the time." Before long Kellam is remarking on how this road has a nasty habit of washing out during storms, which prompts a longer discussion about how local infrastructure isn't keeping up with the pace of modern development.

Phil Kellam, it turns out, is that rare breed of Southern politician: the good-ole-boy technocrat. Like any self-respecting good ole boy, he boasts local roots that date back several generations. He is quick with the anecdote—they usually involve multiple characters, all with a different variation on his Southern Virginia lilt—and even quicker with a full-throated laugh. But, like any technocrat worth his slide rule, the things that get him most riled up are waste, mismanagement, and poor execution. Earlier that day in his office, Kellam can't stop telling me about his manifold achievements as Virginia Beach commissioner of the revenue. He has saved 2,500 square feet of office space by digitizing files; he has cut his staff size 25 percent; he has eliminated vehicle registration stickers, saving car owners an hours-long wait at City Hall and, paradoxically, yielding a massive increase in revenue. "Most people think we're sitting around scratching ourselves," he says, with an impish grin.

As it happens, a good-ole-boy technocrat may be what it takes to move Virginia Beach into the Democratic column this year. In a typical election cycle, knocking off Thelma Drake, the district's incumbent Republican representative, would be a long shot, to say the least. The city—Virginia's largest—is home to Pat Robertson's conservative evangelical empire and to one of the highest concentrations of military retirees anywhere in the United States. George W. Bush carried this district by nearly 20 points in 2004.

Since winning reelection, Bush has steadily lost ground in places like Virginia Beach, just like he has across most of the country. But, unlike in more moderate areas, Bush's problem here isn't so much any ideological issue or policy aim—a significant number of voters here still share his goals—as it is a more fundamental question about his ability to do the job. This is a wrinkle not lost on national Democrats, who have, in turn, dispatched a complement of nonideological candidates into reliably conservative districts, armed with a message of quiet competence. "A lot of voters believe ... competence is an argument about why [Republicans] need oversight," says Rahm Emanuel, head of the Democrats' House campaign committee. And few Democrats epitomize the promise of this strategy better than Phil Kellam.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY TOUR OF Virginia Beach begins, fittingly enough, with a tour of the commissioner of the revenue complex, a warren of cubicles on the first floor of the brown-brick City Hall building. Kellam has spent roughly half his 50 years working in this office. He started as a property inspector two years out of college, then gradually worked his way up to the top job, to which he was elected in 1997. Along the way, Kellam made copious mental notes about what he would change if he were ever in charge, which explains why he beams with pride as he points out one example: the motor vehicle administrative facilities he recently installed (so residents don't have to wait in line at the DMV). Kellam has blue eyes, short blond hair, and a healthy surfer's tan—all in all, he looks more like a car salesman than a tax assessor. But he bubbles over with so much nerdy enthusiasm when he talks about the need to "implement process change" that he gives himself away.

Kellam can trace his fascination with the machinery of local government back to his great grandfather, a onetime commissioner of revenue for nearby Norfolk County. Grandfather Abel, the paterfamilias, served two terms as the local clerk of court in the early twentieth century before losing his third race by an 18-vote margin. But Abe Kellam had the last laugh, leaving behind a brood of 17 children who would dominate Virginia Beach politics for the next two generations.

The Kellam family consolidated control over local politics in the early 1930s, when Phil's uncle Sidney defeated the head of a rival organization in the race for county treasurer. The Kellams were Democrats—in those days there was no place in Virginia politics for anyone who wasn't—but their worldview mostly amounted to a vision of themselves in power. Years later, a *Washington Post* reporter asked Sidney to name the major issue in that first election. "They were in and I was out," Sidney reflected. "Then I was in."

Whatever their motives, the Kellams were highly effective at delivering for constituents. Every Virginia Beach resident who paid his poll tax would be visited by a solicitous Kellam lieutenant at some point during the election cycle. New residents were given a tour of City Hall and told the organization was at their disposal. At times, the organization was even a force for social change. When local black leaders threatened to picket Virginia Beach's segregated restaurants and hotels in 1963, Sidney summoned all the local managers to a meeting and informed them that they now ran integrated facilities.

The Kellam machine finally lost its grip on power during the late 1960s, thanks partly to its relative progressivism on race and partly to its backing of the losing side in a statewide intra-party fight. (Ironically, the candidate the Kellams backed was then–Virginia Senator Willis Robertson, Pat's father.) At that point, Virginia Beach became reliably Republican on the presidential level. White flight from Norfolk and the rapid influx of military retirees during the following decade only made it more so. Then, in the early 1980s, conservative Christians began organizing themselves politically and seizing control of the local Republican apparatus. In 1991, the Republicans finally swept six of the city's eight seats in the state legislature, the same number Democrats had held until then.

THE DAY AFTER my visit to Kellam-land, I meet Gene Campbell at Mary's, a small diner near the ocean. Campbell is a lanky 72-year-old with youthful green eyes and lightly graying hair. A former captain in the Navy, he tells me he proudly supported Bush in 2000 and again in 2004. He is, in fact, precisely who you imagine the Swift Boat Veterans for Truth had in mind when they roughed up a certain Massachusetts senator. "I would have voted for a monkey before I voted for John Kerry," Campbell grouses. "I think he basically was a traitor." Campbell still believes deposing Saddam was the right thing to do, but he broods that the Bush administration didn't ask enough hard questions beforehand about what post-war Iraq would look like. He also worries that the president is more concerned with bolstering his public image than actually doing his job. "Bush is upsetting me," he says. "He's turned into a real politician." And he absolutely detests the frequency with which Drake votes the GOP line—some 98 percent of the time. He says he'll support Kellam.

The GOP's problem with loyal Bush supporters like Gene Campbell dates back roughly to this time last year, when Hurricane Katrina turned New Orleans into an uninhabitable muck. At the time, Tim Kaine was waging his ultimately successful campaign for governor, in the course of which he became the first statewide Democrat in over a decade to carry Virginia Beach. His pollster, Peter Brodnitz, attributes this showing largely to Hurricane Katrina. "At the beginning of the race, we'd do focus groups with conservative voters," Brodnitz recalls. "They'd say, 'I like [outgoing Virginia Governor Mark] Warner, but I'm a conservative kind of guy. I like to vote conservative.' Post-Katrina, they'd say, 'I'm really conservative, I like to vote for conservatives, but things are going well in Virginia. I don't want to mess them up.'" It's not hard to imagine why military retirees would be particularly susceptible to this change of heart: Incompetence is something they've been conditioned to measure in lost lives.

Since then, the continued failures in Iraq and various mini-scandals, such as the outsourcing of port management, have kept perceptions of Bush's abilities low. "[T]he broader issue of 'competence' ... has combined with high gasoline prices to take a real toll on his standing," congressional race-tracker Charlie Cook wrote this spring. Bush has been unable to bounce back even in conservative areas like Virginia Beach, where a recent poll by two firms, one of them affiliated with Cook's nonpartisan *Political Report*, puts his approval rating below 40 percent. (The same poll shows Kellam up 51–43.)

Though the Drake camp denies that Bush has been a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drag on its prospects, citing internal polling to back up the claim, some of the campaign's own decisions belie its confidence. Drake was conspicuously absent from a fund-raiser Bush headlined for her back in May. More recently, she's begun omitting the word "Republican" from her campaign advertisements, pronouncing herself an "independent" voice instead. When pressed on this by a local reporter last week, Drake claimed she didn't have time to explain she was a Republican: "We have 30 seconds with [the voters]," she observed.

Kellam has also presented the Drake campaign with a dilemma. Under normal circumstances, the GOP playbook would call for painting him as too liberal for the district. But the already-moderate Kellam has avoided pretty much anything that could be construed as a position, much less an ideological pronouncement. On Iraq, for example, he has only ventured to say he will "ask the tough questions of the administration that have not been asked by this Congress." Waiting for Laura Bush to appear at a recent fund-raiser, Drake campaign manager Tim Murtaugh griped to me about Kellam's substance-free campaign and said he'd heard Kellam was under strict orders from national Democrats not to talk any more than he has to.

If Drake can't make Kellam out to be a stealth liberal, plan B is apparently to energize her conservative base. That seems to be the thinking behind Drake's suggestion, during a recent meeting with editors of a local newspaper, that we may have to stay in Iraq for decades if that's what it takes to win. "Her goal is to ... send a surge of Republicans back into the electorate," says one Kellam adviser. "That's why you hear language like that."

This gambit could certainly work. And, at times, Kellam's approach too closely resembles the Democrats' disastrous 2002 midterm strategy of taking national security "off the table" rather than engaging Bush on the subject. On the other hand, Bush hadn't yet been tainted by Iraq and Katrina in 2002; back then, his approval rating topped 60 percent.

Later in the day, after meeting Gene Campbell, I follow Kellam as he canvasses the mostly blue-collar Edwin neighborhood of Virginia Beach. ("You know who Edwin's named for?" Kellam asks, alluding to another uncle.) At one house, a middle-aged man answers the door wearing black denim shorts and a red T-shirt that reads, KEMPSVILLE ALL-STARS. The man says he likes the fact that Bush makes a decision and sticks with it, even if he doesn't always agree with him. Kellam stammers for a moment, then recovers to note that we're spending $6.5 billion to $8 billion a month in Iraq with little to show for it. This leads to a cordial, if not quite friendly, back and forth, and Kellam makes little headway. Finally, he points to the two cars in the driveway and says, "We got rid of that [sticker] for you." "Oh, I liked that sticker thing," the man says, suddenly brightening. "That was you?" ■

Alfa Fellowship Program

Promoting Understanding of the New Russia

Alfa-Bank and CDS International are pleased to announce a call for applications for the Alfa Fellowship Program's 2007-08 Fellows. Now entering its fifth round, the Alfa Fellowship Program is a professional-level exchange designed to foster a new generation of American leaders and decision-makers with meaningful professional experience in the New Russia.

The Alfa Fellowship begins with language training in the U.S. followed by an intensive language course in Moscow. In October, Alfa Fellows will attend a three-week seminar program with key Russian government, public, and private sector officials to discuss current issues facing Russia. Fellows then undertake individualized professional assignments at leading Russian organizations including private companies, media outlets, think tanks, NGOs, and government institutions.

Eligible candidates must have at least intermediate Russian language proficiency, as well as a graduate degree, and professional experience in business, economics, journalism, law, government, or public policy. The Fellowship includes monthly stipends, related travel costs, housing, and insurance.

Applications must be received by CDS International no later than **December 15, 2006.**

Program information and application forms can be downloaded from the CDS website at: www.cdsintl.org/fromusa/alfa.htm

For more information contact:

CDS International, Inc.
Alfa Fellowship Program
871 United Nations Plaza, 15th Floor
New York, NY 10017-1814
Tel: (212) 497-3510
Fax: (212) 497-3535
E-mail: alfa@cdsintl.org
http://www.cdsintl.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Democratic revival.

Mood Indigo

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

COLUMBUS, OHIO

THIS IS SHAPING up to be the Democrats' year. According to current polls, the party stands to make significant gains in the House, the Senate, and statehouses across the country this November. And it's not hard to see why: the botched Katrina response, high gas prices, scandals in Congress and in the states, and, most of all, the quagmire in Iraq. Discontent with the Bush administration's conduct of the war is affecting even the gubernatorial races. At a recent meeting in a posh Cincinnati suburb, a group of Republicans supporting Democratic candidate Ted Strickland voiced to him their unhappiness with the war. "They expressed great concern about the war and its cost," Strickland tells me—"not just in terms of dollars, but lives and national prestige."

But the Democratic surge this year isn't just the result of GOP missteps. If the Democrats do manage to reclaim the House or even the Senate, it will be because voters have resumed their decade-long movement away from conservative Republicanism and toward the kind of centrist Democratic politics that Bill Clinton espoused. In 2002 and 2004, this shift was overwhelmed by national support for the president in the wake of September 11 and the invasion of Iraq. But the administration's subsequent failures at home and abroad have dimmed the GOP's reputation as America's protector and allowed the early trend to reemerge.

The evidence can be seen in states like Ohio and Colorado, where I traveled this summer and interviewed voters and candidates. George W. Bush won both states in 2000 and 2004; in Ohio, Republicans have won *every* statewide nonjudicial race since 1992. But, this year, Democrats could unseat as many as five House Republicans in Ohio and win a Senate seat and the governor's mansion. In Colorado, Democrats are very likely to win the governorship and both state legislatures, and to take as many as three House seats from the Republicans. And, in both states, it's not just a sudden and fleeting reaction to Bush, but the resumption of a movement among upscale suburban voters and working-class Reagan Democrats. America may not turn blue this year, but it looks as if it is definitely becoming purple.

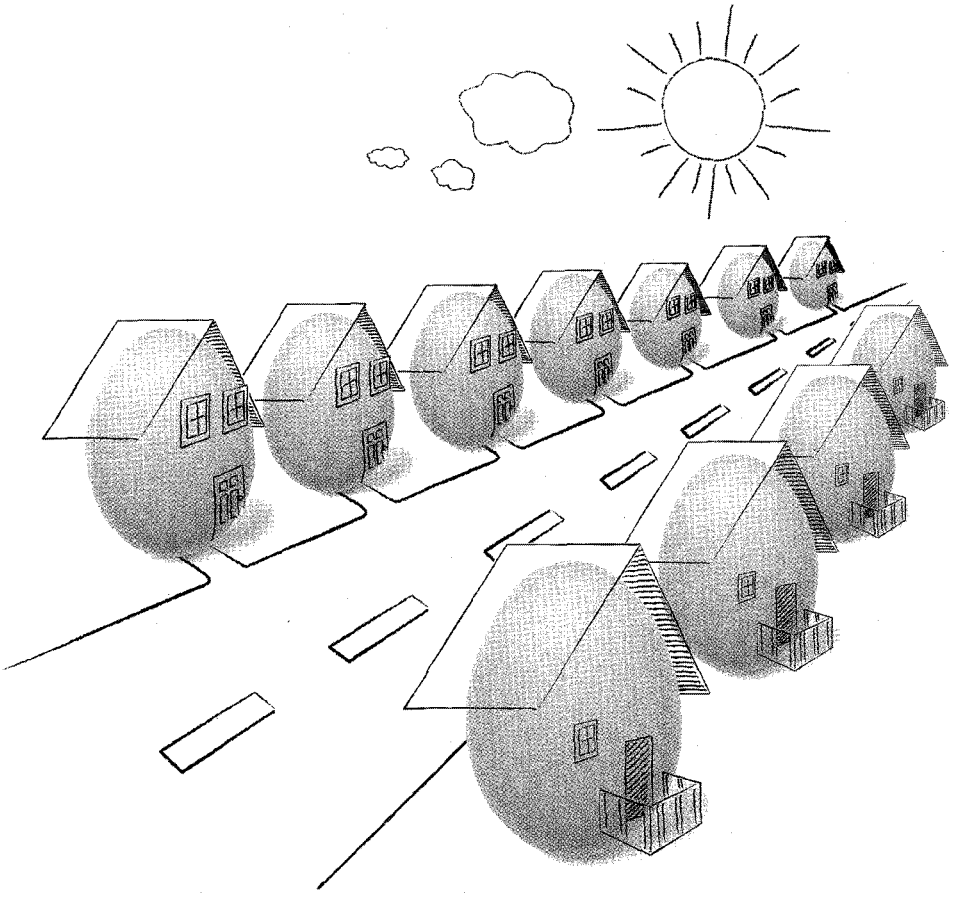
FIRST, THE BIG picture: There are 40 districts where Democrats have a chance of taking a Republican seat in November. In Tom DeLay's Houston district and Bob Ney's east Ohio district, the opportunity has arisen primarily because the incumbent Republican has been forced out by scandal; Democrats may win, but they will have difficulty retaining these seats. Many of the other 40 districts, however, have already begun turning Democratic in national elections. John Kerry carried 14 of them in 2004, and Al Gore carried 16 in 2000. In nine of the remaining districts, Bush won by 8 percent or less in 2004. Like the old Southern Democratic seats that eventually became Republican, these seats can be expected to change hands eventually, even if not in this election.

Some of these Democratic-shifting districts are socioeconomic hodgepodges, but there are two clear types that emerge. The first is suburbs of older manufacturing regions in the East, Midwest, and West that have shifted to producing high-tech information services. These areas are heavily populated by professionals—from scientists and software programmers to teachers and nurses—who began voting Democratic in the late '80s and early '90s in response to the GOP's embrace of the religious right and adoption of a deregulatory, anti–New Deal business agenda. Democratic support in these areas was particularly high among women voters and voters with a postgraduate education. This profile fits the southeastern Pennsylvania suburban congressional districts currently held by Republicans Jim Gerlach, Curt Weldon, and Mike Fitzpatrick; the suburban Seattle district currently held by Republican Dave Reichert; the three Connecticut districts held by Republicans Chris Shays, Nancy Johnson, and Rob Simmons; and the Columbus district occupied by Republican Deborah Pryce.

The second kind of district where Democrats have a chance of unseating Republicans is white, working-class, and located in or near a mid-sized city like South Bend or Louisville. Voters in these districts tend to be less affluent, less educated, and more socially conservative. They are likely to be Catholics rather than evangelicals and to have had at least one family member who was, at one time, in a union. Many of them were Reagan Democrats who supported Clinton, but, after September 11, streamed back to the GOP because they believed Republicans were better equipped to wage the war on terrorism. These voters—and particularly white working-class women—provided the margin of Bush's 2004 victory in states like Ohio and Florida. But, distressed by the Iraq war, worried about gas prices and economic dislocation, and disgusted by Republican obeisance to K Street, they have begun to return to the Democrats.

Districts where this shift is visible include retiring Representative Sherwood Boehlert's upstate New York district, Representative Marilyn Musgrave's rural Colorado district, retiring Representative Jim Nussle's Iowa district, and Republican Geoff Davis's Kentucky district. The Northern Indiana district held by Republican Chris Chocola—one of three in the state that fits this profile—is pretty typical. While it has rural evangelicals, it also includes blue-collar and heavily Catholic LaPorte and St. Joseph counties, which Clinton carried in 1996 and Gore carried in 2000. Economic issues, including gas prices, loom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eggonomics.

Where do most of America's homeowners keep most of their savings?

In their home. It's their nest egg.

Home equity is the cornerstone of family wealth. For over half of America's homeowners, at least fifty percent of their wealth is the equity in their homes.

And Freddie Mac helps make homeownership possible.

Freddie Mac makes mortgage money available, so lenders can make more home loans. We've helped over forty-four million families own their own home.

And since nearly twenty percent of America's economy is home and housing related, Freddie Mac helps strengthen America's future.

Freddie Mac. Our mission is to make home possible. And it's working.

Freddie Mac

We make home possible℠

www.FreddieMac.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large in these districts. In a July Research 2000 poll matching Chocola against his Democratic challenger Joe Donnelly, voters put the war in Iraq and the economy first and second in their list of concerns, with taxes, spending, and the war on terrorism trailing behind.

Democrats are running very different races in these two kinds of districts. In Gerlach's upscale Montgomery County district (where Philadelphia's Main Line is located), Democratic challenger Lois Murphy is attacking Gerlach for his opposition to abortion. In working-class southern Indiana, Democrat Baron Hill is trying to focus on the economy while neutralizing his opponent Mike Sodrel's appeal on social issues. In a current ad, Hill declares his belief "that marriage between a man and a woman is sacred."

In Senate races, Democrats are mounting the most credible challenges to Republican incumbents in states that Clinton won and that were at least competitive, if not Democratic, in the last two presidential elections—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rhode Island, and Missouri, to name a few. In these states, they are benefiting from the same trends as the Democratic House candidates, especially the shift by women back toward the Democrats. In a Harris poll taken last month, women nationally favored the generic Democratic over the Republican congressional candidate by a stunning 50 to 28 percent. Similar margins show up in the individual Senate races. In the August Keystone poll in Pennsylvania, for instance, Democrat Bob Casey led incumbent Republican Rick Santorum by 47 to 34 percent among women voters—even though Casey is pro-life. In an August Survey USA poll in Ohio, Sherrod Brown led incumbent Republican Mike DeWine by 53 to 38 percent among women.

In part thanks to the shift in women's votes, Democrats are also making some headway among working-class Reagan Democrats. Brown leads DeWine among voters who attended but didn't graduate college—the demographic group that most clearly matches the white working class. In a Survey USA poll in Washington state, where Republicans hoped to pick up a seat, incumbent Democrat Maria Cantwell leads challenger Mike McGavick by 52 to 37 percent among these voters. (In her 2000 race against Slade Gorton, exit polls showed Cantwell losing them by 56 to 41 percent.) And, in Missouri, Democrat Claire McCaskill leads incumbent Jim Talent by nine points among these voters.

THE 2004 PRESIDENTIAL election hinged on who won Ohio, and, this year, the most important election results may once again take place in the Buckeye State. In part, Ohio voters are turning to the Democrats for the same reasons as voters elsewhere. As Democratic House candidate Mary Jo Kilroy explains while we drive toward an event at a Catholic Church in Columbus, "Voters no longer believe that, by fighting the insurgents in Baghdad, we are protecting Buffalo." But Democrats are also benefiting this year from subterranean changes in Ohio politics.

Ohio was home to the Republican Party after the Civil War (it produced Republican Presidents Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Taft, and Harding), then shifted to the Democrats during the New Deal, and then shifted back to the Republicans as the heavily unionized industrial cities of the North began to lose jobs and people. It used to be that a Democratic candidate who came out of Cleveland's relatively liberal Cuyahoga County with more than a 100,000-vote margin could win any statewide contest. But, in 2004, Kerry won Cuyahoga by more than 200,000 votes and still lost the state. The balance of power in Ohio politics had moved back to small-town Ohio and to the Taft family's Cincinnati.

Quietly, however, both Cincinnati and Cleveland are being displaced by Columbus as the fulcrum in Ohio politics. Once described as a "cowtown," Columbus has become a booming center of banking, insurance, and high-tech, as well as the home of Ohio State University and the state government. Franklin County, which contains Columbus, now boasts a population of 1.1 million, compared with 1.3 million for Cuyahoga and 806,000 for Cincinnati's Hamilton County. Moreover, where Franklin County once could be counted on to supplement Cincinnati's Republican vote, it has been trending Democratic. In 1988, George H.W. Bush defeated Michael Dukakis by 60 to 39.1 percent here. But, over the last three presidential elections, Franklin County has backed the Democratic nominee in increasing numbers, culminating with a 54 to 45 percent victory for Kerry in 2004. "If you look at Columbus and Franklin County," says Alec Lamis, a Case Western Reserve political scientist and co-editor, with Brian Usher, of *Ohio Politics*, "you can understand where Ohio is going."

Indeed, it's possible it could get there as soon as this year. As important as Brown's Senate race may be—he's currently leading incumbent DeWine by a 6 percent margin—the key race in Ohio is for governor. According to state election law, the governor, with the support of either the secretary of state or the auditor, can reapportion state legislative districts at any time—a fact that accounts for the highly cyclical character of Ohio politics. In 1990, Republicans won back the governorship and the secretary of state and were able to redistrict the legislature to ensure a Republican majority would determine the congressional reapportionment for the '90s. In the 1998 elections, they won all three top offices and were able to reapportion Ohio again following the 2000 census. If the Democrats were to win the governorship and either the secretary of state's or auditor's office—and there is a very good chance they will—they could dramatically alter the distribution of congressional and statehouse seats.

Democratic gubernatorial nominee Strickland is currently well ahead in the polls, thanks in part to scandal and dissension in the state GOP. Republican Governor Bob Taft pled guilty last year to failing to report gifts, many of which were from Bush pioneer and rare coin dealer Thomas Noe, who is accused of bilking Ohio's Workers Compensation funds out of millions of dollars. And, while

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Searching for the perfect mix.

Who creates a community? How do homes, retail spaces, office buildings, rental apartments and public spaces combine to create the ideal of convenience and safety we call a neighborhood? It takes a lot of hard work, and it takes funding. By providing the capital to create just the right mix, the more than 3,000 member companies of the Mortgage Bankers Association invest in America's communities.

www.mortgagebankers.org
(800) 793-6222

MORTGAGE BANKERS ASSOCIATION®
Investing in communities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the national GOP has been able to keep business and the religious right under one political roof, the two are filing for divorce in Ohio. In this year's gubernatorial primary, religious conservatives boosted Secretary of State Ken Blackwell over Taft's attorney general, Jim Petro, who was the candidate of the business moderates. The victory of Blackwell, a doctrinaire economic and social conservative who supports a flat tax and favors banning abortion without any exception for the mother's life, has left Ohio Republicans bitterly divided.

Moreover, Democrats nominated the perfect candidate to oppose Blackwell. Strickland is a former minister who represented a conservative rural district in southeast Ohio. A National Rifle Association supporter and opponent of partial-birth abortion, Strickland neutralizes Blackwell's appeal to many rural and small-town voters while assuaging Democrats with his support for raising the minimum wage and increasing access to health insurance. As a result, polls currently show him ahead by two-to-one over Blackwell, not only in traditional Democratic areas but also in the rural southeast. He's even winning support from business leaders alienated by Blackwell's social and economic views. Last month, Republican lawyer Randy Saxbe, the son of former Attorney General Bill Saxbe, held a fund-raising party for Strickland at Columbus's New Albany Country Club. If Strickland routs Blackwell, as seems likely, his coattails could help elect other Democrats, including Brown, Kilroy, and the four other Ohio House candidates who stand a chance of unseating Republicans.

In August, speaking before a surprisingly large Friday afternoon crowd in a small town north of Columbus, Brown expressed the optimism that many Ohio Democrats feel. "I expect to wake up in the morning after the election to discover two newspaper headlines," he predicts. "The first will say DEMOCRATS TAKE THE HOUSE AND SENATE. The second will say OHIO TURNS BLUE." Brown probably won't be proved right about the Democrats winning back the Senate. But he could well be right about the House and about Ohio.

THE OTHER STATE that might change color after the midterms is Colorado, and there, too, the governor's race could make a big difference. Like Ohio, Colorado tilted Democratic through the '80s, but, as conservative migrants from Texas and Southern California moved into Colorado Springs and Douglas County south of Denver, the state began to turn red. By 1998, both of Colorado's senators and four of its six House members were Republicans, and the GOP controlled the governor's mansion and both houses of the state legislature. In 2000, Gore ceded Colorado to Bush without a fight. But, like Ohio, Colorado has been quietly turning Democratic. Democrats won the state senate in 2000; after Republicans reclaimed it in 2002, the Democrats won it back again in 2004, along with the state assembly. Also in 2004, Democrat Ken Salazar won the seat vacated by Republican Ben Nighthorse Campbell and Salazar's brother, John, picked up a House seat in Pueblo. And, this year, Democrats stand a very good chance of continuing their comeback.

In Colorado, as in Ohio, the religious right has sown divisions within the Republican Party. After Republicans won back the state senate in 2002, social conservatives, led by Colorado Springs evangelist James Dobson, introduced four bills targeting gay rights (one of them forbidding teachers in public schools even to mention homosexuality and another endorsing a constitutional amendment banning gay marriage). The right's agenda was defeated, however, by a coalition of Democrats, moderate Republicans, and West Slope libertarians disgusted with Colorado Springs's domination of state politics.

Colorado Springs social conservatives also joined with anti-tax activists to oppose Referendum C, which modified the state's draconian anti-tax law to allow it to use surplus tax funds to repair state services rather than refund them to taxpayers. The referendum nonetheless passed last November with the backing of Republican Governor Bill Owens and state business and labor leaders. But, this year, Republicans nominated a gubernatorial candidate, Representative Bob Beauprez, who has threatened to overturn it. In August, Beauprez nominated as his running mate Janet Rowland, a county commissioner known for recently having compared homosexuality to bestiality. "For some, bestiality is an alternative lifestyle. Do we allow a man to marry a sheep? At some point, we have to draw a line," Rowland declared on Colorado public television in March.

Colorado Democrats, by contrast, nominated former Denver District Attorney Bill Ritter to oppose Beauprez. Like Ohio's Strickland or Pennsylvania's Casey, Ritter is moderate, or even conservative, on social issues—he is pro-life and opposes restrictions on guns—but liberal on economics. And, as a supporter of Referendum C, he has attracted considerable support from moderate Republicans and from business leaders, enabling him to raise more money than his Republican opponent. Like Strickland, he is well ahead in opinion polls and could have long coattails. Former State Senator Ed Perlmutter, for example—a seasoned politician who led the Democratic resurgence in the statehouse—has a good chance of taking Beauprez's former seat in Denver's northeastern suburbs, which, like Franklin County, have been quietly trending Democratic in the last six years. Because of a split between conservative Republicans, Democrats even have an outside chance in retiring Republican Representative Joel Hefley's Colorado Springs district.

THE REPUBLICANS, OF course, are not without resources of their own. The Democrats are not likely to threaten the GOP in Deep South states like Alabama and Georgia. Florida, which looked like a swing state in 2000, will probably retain a Republican majority and the governorship in 2006, even if, as expected, incumbent Democratic Senator Bill Nelson trounces chal-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 MILLION

ALTERNATIVE FUEL AUTOS

AND COUNTING

It's official. Nine million Americans drive Alternative Fuel Autos today and automakers are on track to sell a million alternative fuel autos this year. Hybrids, clean diesel and ethanol-capable autos are everywhere you go. Find out more at **DiscoverAlternatives.com.**

AUTO ALLIANCE

DRIVING INNOVATION℠

BMW GROUP DAIMLERCHRYSLER FORD MOTOR COMPANY GENERAL MOTORS
MAZDA MITSUBISHI MOTORS PORSCHE TOYOTA VOLKSWAGEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lenger Katherine Harris. The GOP will also maintain its hold on exurban districts like Colorado's upscale Douglas County, where Representative Tom Tancredo presides amid the gleaming shopping malls and office buildings that line Interstate 25 from Denver to Colorado Springs. And Republicans continue to enjoy almost the same level of support among white male voters that Democrats have enjoyed among their female counterparts. As I found in Ohio, white male voters who have become disillusioned with President Bush or with the local Republicans aren't necessarily turning toward the Democrats, but, rather, away from both parties, like the Perot voters of the '90s. That's not good news for the Republicans, but it doesn't suggest a massive Democratic realignment, either.

Republicans are also fully aware of the challenge they face this year, and they have begun to take countermeasures. In districts where Bush is unpopular, incumbent Republicans, such as upstate New York Representative John Sweeney or Albuquerque Representative Heather Wilson, are stressing their constituency services. A Sweeney radio ad has a constituent saying, "I am so grateful to Congressman Sweeney for all the support he has given Hudson Headwaters Health Network and especially our health center here in North Creek."

Other Republicans are trying to distance themselves from the White House by adopting iconoclastic positions on stem-cell research or the war in Iraq. In a TV ad, Deborah Pryce boasts that she "stood up to her own party and fought for millions for stem-cell research." New Jersey's Thomas Kean Jr. is vying with incumbent Senator Bob Menendez to see who can oppose the Iraq war more stridently. Other Republicans are concealing or downplaying the fact that they are Republicans at all. Missouri's Jim Talent doesn't reveal his party on the front page of his campaign website. In his first TV ad last July, Talent, a Newt Gingrich protegé, highlights his nonpartisanship. An announcer intones, "Most people don't care if you're red or blue, Republican or Democrat. They don't use words like 'partisan' or 'obstructionist.'"

Just as Democrats are using Republican opposition to stem-cell research and the minimum-wage increase to divide the Republican base and mobilize their own, Republicans are resorting to wedge issues to pick off potential Democratic voters. One of these is opposition to illegal immigration. While that won't have much effect in a state like Ohio (where, quips Brown, "some say immigration starts with an 'e'—emigration"), it will be important in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Colorado, and Arizona. In Colorado, Democrats thought they had neutralized Republican appeal by agreeing to a tough state bill denying benefits to illegal immigrants. But, in Beauprez's old Seventh District, conservative Republican Rick O'Donnell, whose support for privatizing Social Security and initial opposition to stem-cell research should doom his candidacy, has put Perlmutter on the defensive by attacking him for being soft on illegal immigrants. Santorum has also succeeded in fanning nativist sentiment against Casey in Pennsylvania.

Over the next decade, that tactic could clearly backfire on Republicans. By appearing to scapegoat legal and illegal immigrants alike, Republicans could alienate Latinos, ceding to Democrats a voting bloc that will determine elections in Texas, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Florida, Illinois, and other large states. The Republicans eventually lost California because, in 1994, they supported Proposition 187, which denied social benefits to illegal immigrants. By trying to restrict immigration, Republicans like Tancredo also risk alienating business Republicans, who tend to support the McCain-Kennedy approach. But what could damage Republican prospects in 2008 or 2012 might still help them win elections this year. In California, after all, the backlash took two years to develop. In 1994, Republican Governor Pete Wilson used Proposition 187 to score a come-from-behind reelection victory. It was only in 1996 that Republicans in the state began to pay a political price.

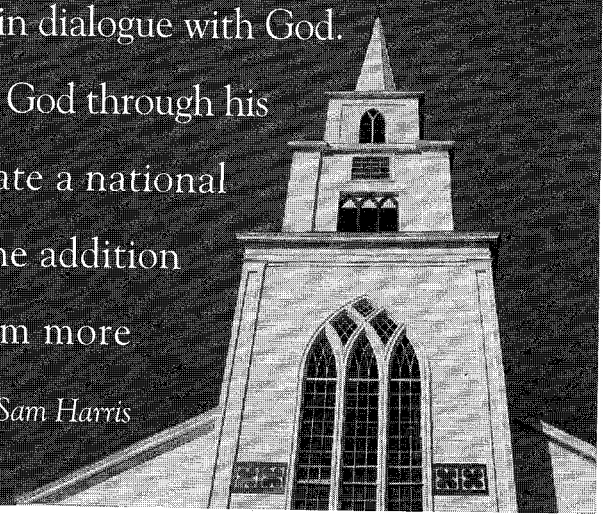
One test of this wedge strategy will be in the Arizona district of retiring Representative Jim Kolbe. The district itself is composed of socially liberal east Tucson and more conservative border counties. Kolbe, openly gay and the House sponsor of the McCain-Kennedy guest-worker bill, backed moderate Mike Huffman in the primary. So did the National Republican Congressional Committee. But right-wing activist Randy Graf, who pledged "zero tolerance" for illegal immigrants and was backed by Tancredo's PAC, defeated Huffman. Now Graf faces former State Senator Gabrielle Giffords, who backs a guest-worker program. If the Democrats can mobilize the district's Latinos, who make up almost one-fifth of the district but who have a history of political apathy, and combine that with support from white voters in Tucson put off by Graf's extremism on social issues, Giffords could take this seat. But Graf will be able to take advantage of the pervasive fear of "Mexicanization" in this part of Arizona.

And, of course, Republicans are once again claiming that their party is better equipped than the Democrats to keep the country safe. In a TV ad this summer, DeWine accused Brown of "weakening America's security" by voting "against strengthening criminal laws for terrorist attacks." In suburban Philadelphia, Curt Weldon insisted to a CNN interviewer that Iraq and the war on terrorism were intimately related. "We either fight them there, or we fight them in the supermarkets and streets here," he said. With the right mix of external circumstances—for instance, further developments like the Heathrow plot and the recent Osama bin Laden video—these kind of appeals will still have some effect. They worked two years ago, in spite of continuing reports of carnage in Iraq. But, if they don't work, or don't work as well as they did in 2004—if voters this year are resistant to believing that, by sending troops to Baghdad, they are protecting themselves from attack in Buffalo or Columbus—then the Democrats will regain the political momentum they lost after September 11. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion=Madness?

"The President of the United States has claimed, on more than one occasion, to be in dialogue with God. If he said that he was talking to God through his hairdryer, this would precipitate a national emergency. I fail to see how the addition of a hairdryer makes the claim more ludicrous or more offensive." —*Sam Harris*



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ready to challenge religious dogma? Read

Letter to a Christian Nation

by SAM HARRIS

AUTHOR OF THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER *THE END OF FAITH*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The courageous new book that arms all rational Americans with powerful arguments against their opponents on the Christian right.

KNOPF www.samharris.org

See Sam Harris live at the N.Y. Public Library, Monday, Sept. 25, 7:00 p.m. www.nypl.org/live

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karl Rove's juggernaut.

Party Hardy

BY THOMAS B. EDSALL

KARL ROVE WAS not yet a celebrity in 1997 when he told me the following story. In December 1969, during his freshman year in college, his father left his mother; and, shortly thereafter, his mother largely withdrew from *his* life. She "packed up the car, had the house on the market, and moved to Reno and said good luck," Rove recalled. After that, he was on his own. Rove put himself through two years at the University of Utah, working part time, earning a partial scholarship, and living in a makeshift bedroom under the attic eaves of his fraternity house. His father sent support checks, but his mother kept them, never telling her son. "My mother was one of these people who really thought often of what it was that she wanted in life, and not necessarily what was good or right for her family," Rove said. "And that was just her way. She never grew up. She could never think long term. She was always in the moment." When he was 21, Rove discovered that his father was not, in fact, his biological father and that he was the offspring of an earlier relationship. His real father had disappeared, and the man he knew as his father had adopted him. (Years later, he would track down his biological father, who refused to acknowledge that Karl was his son.) When Rove was in his mid-20s, his mother would call to borrow money. Occasionally, she sent him packages with magazines from his childhood or old, broken toys. "It was like she was trying desperately to sort of keep this connection," he recalled. Finally, in 1981, his mother "drove out to the desert north of Reno and filled the car with carbon monoxide, and then left all of her children a letter saying, don't blame yourselves for this." It was, Rove said, "the classic fuck-you gesture."

The story of Rove's dysfunctional family tells a lot about the Republican Party machinery he would later help to perfect. Unlike baby-boomers, who smoked dope, protested the war, and lived with a succession of girlfriends before becoming middle-age liberals, Rove understood the longing of many Americans for a traditional nuclear family and a sense of social order. He grasped the values crisis brought on by the sociocultural revolution of the '60s and '70s because he himself had lived its worst consequences. And—like previous Republican strategists, including Kevin Phillips, Pat Buchanan, Charlie Black, and Lee Atwater—he realized that these sentiments, however crass they sounded to the ears of liberals, held appeal to many voters and could therefore be harnessed to his party's advantage.

At a moment when Democrats appear once again to be ascendant, they would do well to remember that the political majority Rove and his predecessors constructed was meant to withstand difficult moments like this one. In recent decades, the GOP has survived setback after setback—the Goldwater debacle, Watergate, the Iran-Contra scandal, the government shutdowns of 1995 and 1996, the failed bid to oust Bill Clinton from office, the loss of the popular vote in the 2000 election—and, on each occasion, has emerged stronger than before. Watergate may be particularly instructive as a historical parallel. In the scandal's aftermath, 1974 became a banner year for liberals: Democrats gained 49 House seats and added four Senate seats for a commanding 60-vote majority. Two years later, when Jimmy Carter won the White House, Democrats appeared to have solidified control of the country. Everyone knows what happened next.

Today, the philosophical and practical infrastructure on which the GOP constructed its majority remains as sturdy as it was in 1974—perhaps, thanks to Rove, even sturdier—and there is little reason to believe Democrats are in a better position to reestablish credibility with the electorate than they were three decades ago. Democrats may win back the House or the Senate this year, but, even if they do, the majority that Karl Rove helped to construct remains formidable. Whatever happens this November, no one should be fooled: The Democrats are still in deep trouble.

IN LATE 2000, even as the result of the presidential election was still being contested in court, George W. Bush's chief pollster Matt Dowd was writing a memo for Rove that would reach a surprising conclusion. Based on a detailed examination of poll data from the previous two decades, Dowd's memo argued that the percentage of swing voters had shrunk to a tiny fraction of the electorate. Most self-described "independent" voters "are independent in name only," Dowd told me in an interview describing his memo. "Seventy-five percent of independents vote straight ticket" for one party or the other. Once such independents are reclassified as Democrats or Republicans, a key trend emerges: Between 1980 and 2000, the percentage of *true* swing voters fell from a very substantial 24 percent of the electorate to just 6 percent. In other words, the center was literally disappearing. Which meant that, instead of having every incentive to govern as "a uniter, not a divider," Bush now had every reason to govern via polarization.

This ran counter to Rove's previous thinking. In 2000, he had dismissed the tactic of running on divisive issues like patriotism, crime, and welfare as "an old paradigm." And Bush had followed his advice by explicitly reaching out to the center-left. For instance, during the campaign, he held a press conference with a dozen gay Republicans and sharply criticized the GOP Congress for a plan to save money by slowing distribution of tax credits for the working poor. But Dowd's memo changed all that. For Rove and the president

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he served, soon it would be out with the new GOP and in with the old.

Indeed, until they briefly abandoned it during the 2000 campaign, Republicans had used polarization as a political strategy for more than a generation—repeatedly developing themes that created coherence among angry constituencies on the right. The strategy may have been cynical but, by and large, it worked. "There are twice as many angry conservatives in this country as there are angry liberals," Democratic direct-mail specialist Hal Malchow is quoted as saying in *America's Right Turn*. "Liberals, by their very nature, don't get as angry as conservatives do." One of the earliest pioneers of this strategy was George Wallace. His 1963 gubernatorial inauguration address is best remembered for the line "segregation today, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever." But, in retrospect, the most striking element of the speech is the number of sentiments that have since become integral to Republican rhetoric. For instance: "[G]overnments do not produce wealth; people produce wealth—free people." And: "[T]hough we may give lip service to the Almighty, in reality, government has become our god." And: "[T]he strong, simple faith and sane reasoning of our Founding Fathers has long since been forgotten, as the so-called progressives tell us that our Constitution was written for 'horse and buggy' days. So were the Ten Commandments." Wallace wasn't simply using race to rile his constituents; he was also using a coarse but effective mix of religious sentiment and anti-elitism.

The backgrounds of many of the GOP strategists who would inherit and refine Wallace's divisive tactics were very different from those of their Democratic counterparts, many of whom were the children of wealthy coastal elites. Just as Rove's troubled family life gave him insight into the longing of many Americans for stability, the childhoods of other GOP strategists allowed them to instinctively grasp the liabilities of the left. Perhaps the two most famous examples were products of the segregated South, Charlie Black and Lee Atwater. Raised in North Carolina, Black grew up amidst, in his words, "a general feeling of resistance or rebellion among white Southerners" to the civil rights policies of Lyndon B. Johnson. Two decades later, while serving as a consultant to Phil Gramm in his 1984 Senate race against Democrat Lloyd Doggett, Black recognized the potential of homosexuality as a means of smearing a Southern candidate. "Doggett got the endorsement of the big gay PAC in San Antonio," Black explained. "That wasn't unusual, but then we got onto the fact that the gays had a male strip show at some bar and Doggett takes that money." Atwater, who grew up in South Carolina, first came to prominence in that state's 1978 Senate race between Democrat Pug Ravenel and Republican Strom Thurmond. Ravenel had attended a fund-raiser in Manhattan where he reportedly bragged that, if elected, he would act like a senator from New York. For Atwater, the subsequent attack ad must have practically written itself. "We need Strom Thurmond," the commercial said, "instead of a third senator from New York."

It was the central achievement of Wallace, Black, and Atwater to link all these themes—elitism, religion, race, sexuality—together with a range of economic and social issues in order to assemble an overarching message. Indeed, because they so successfully conflated the various characteristics of liberalism into a single image over time, GOP strategists are now able to use any one issue—affirmative action, gay marriage, flag burning—to effectively raise them all. From this perspective, taxes are used to finance welfare programs that encourage family dissolution. Blacks and immigrants are deeply affected by such government policies, but, in the Republican view, no family is immune. Lax law enforcement, no-fault divorce, sex education, and pornography together foster fragile families and out-of-wedlock pregnancy, which, in turn, drive crime, drug abuse, and urban and suburban chaos. In the eyes of the cultural right, the sexual revolution, the women's rights revolution, and the blurring of gender roles—as well as abortion and the so-called gay agenda—all merge to usurp the status of those who were traditionally dominant, to upend authority, including paternal authority, and to corrode the lives of children and orderly, decent communities. All of this is abetted by an activist judicial system that promotes secularism and enables the emergence of an increasingly deregulated sphere for immoral private action. To liberals, all of this may sound like a laughable caricature of their political philosophy. But, to conservatives, it has long been a reliable formula for victory—and it still is. Witness Bush's effective use of issues like gay marriage and judicial activism to energize his base en route to victory in the 2004 campaign. Four years after he wrote his memo, Matt Dowd was vindicated at the polls.

WHILE REPUBLICANS WERE busy pursuing this strategy over the last several decades, Democrats were busy playing right into their hands. First, the party became too closely identified in the public's perception with elites—even though many Republican leaders also have sizeable bank accounts. Consider the most prominent Democratic politicians and power brokers of recent years: Nancy Pelosi (daughter and sister of Baltimore mayors, net worth $14 million); Harold Ickes (son of FDR's secretary of the interior, Sidwell Friends, Stanford, Columbia Law); Howard Dean (Park Avenue, St. George's, Yale); George Soros (Hungarian currency speculator, net worth $7.2 billion); Ellen Malcolm of Emily's List (heiress to the IBM fortune); Jane Fonda (record-breaking contributor to a liberal nonprofit in 2000 with a gift of $11.7 million); Michael Dukakis (son of a Harvard Medical School graduate, Swarthmore, Harvard Law); John Kerry (St. Paul's, Yale, Skull & Bones, net worth nearly $167 million); Al Gore (St. Albans, Harvard, son of a U.S. senator); Hillary Clinton (former first lady, Wellesley, Yale Law, now worth $10 million).

Many Democrats—and writers such as Thomas Frank—have called for the party to reconnect with the white, working-class, male voters it has lost over the decades. The prob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem with this call to populism is that the party's most influential wing is not populist; it is elitist—affluent, well-educated, urban, indifferent (or hostile) to organized religion, and, on the controversial social issues of abortion and gay marriage, well to the left of the general public. The values of this elite tend to prevail in party debates and in the crafting of Democratic platforms. Andy Stern, president of the Service Employees International Union—and himself an Ivy League graduate—recently said that the perception of Democrats as "Volvo-driving, latte-drinking, Chardonnay-sipping, Northeast, Harvard- and Yale-educated liberals" isn't a perception at all, but rather "the *reality*. That is who people see as leading the Democratic Party. There's no authenticity; they don't look like them. People are not voting against their interests; they're looking for someone to represent their interests."

The policy gaps between this agenda-setting elite and the rest of the country are wide. Last year, the Pew Research Center found that 90 percent of liberals—who, as a group, tend to be one of the wealthiest and most educated of Pew's nine voter categories—believe that "relying too much on military force to defeat terrorism creates hatred that leads to more terrorism," compared with 51 percent of the general population. Likely as a result, Democrats continue to suffer from a perception that they are soft on national security. While the Bush administration's performance in Iraq has contributed to a decline in confidence in the GOP's handling of military affairs, it has not encouraged voters to trust Democrats on security policy: Recent polls show voters continue to believe Republicans do a better job on that front. It is no surprise, then, that Democrats performed well in the 1992, 1996, and 2000 presidential elections—that is, during the brief interregnum between the end of the cold war and September 11. And it isn't just national security that separates liberals from the rest of the United States. According to Pew, 88 percent of liberals are worried that the government is too involved in moral issues, compared with 51 percent of the electorate. On the whole, they are also less likely than other voters to own a gun or attend religious services.

The selection of such Democratic presidential candidates as McGovern, Dukakis, Gore, and Kerry reflects the power of this wing of the party. These candidates have been decisively rejected by the white, working class that Democratic populists hope to win back: In 2004, Kerry lost to Bush among white voters with annual household incomes of $30,000 to $75,000 by a landslide margin of 22 percentage points, according to a report by the progressive strategy group Third Way.

In addition to being seen as the party of elites, Democrats are now widely understood to be the party of minorities and women. Starting in the '60s, Democrats were closely identified with civil rights and feminist issues—to their enormous credit but also to their long-term strategic detriment. Those who had been marginalized by the traditional social order—women, blacks, Latino immigrants, men who did not want to serve in the military, and, later, gays—became important Democratic constituencies. Americans whose sense of identity had once been peripheral to politics were granted special status in the party through rule changes adopted after the internecine warfare of the 1968 Chicago convention. Race has been a central dividing line between the parties—though, these days, it is invoked subtly in politics when it is invoked at all—ever since the 1964 election pitting Lyndon Johnson, the leading advocate of the Civil Rights Bill of 1964, against Barry Goldwater, who opposed the law. Today, minorities—blacks, Latinos, Asian Americans, and Native Americans—make up 46 percent of the Democratic Party. The dividing line based on gender has been less noticed, in part because it is more complex and less glaring in the poll numbers; but it is there nevertheless. Democrats have become the leading advocates of the feminist agenda, from abortion rights to affirmative action, while taking the same side as most women on issues with a significant opinion gender gap, including taxes, social safety-net questions, military spending, foreign intervention, and health care. Democrats have become majority female, 55.1 to 44.9, according to National Election Studies data. White men now make up just 28.8 percent of the party.

All this has led to a profound realignment in U.S. politics. Once characterized mainly by the economic split of the Great Depression—a split that played to the Democrats' advantage for the better part of a generation—the parties now divide differently. Put simply, the Democratic Party has become the political arm of the subdominant, while the GOP is home to the dominant groups in American life.

THESE DEMOGRAPHIC DIFFERENCES help explain some key temperamental distinctions between the two parties. Conservatives are generally more habituated than liberals to top-down command structures in the institutions they value most—the corporation, the church, the military, and the family. They are comfortable and familiar with the process of winning, whether it is crushing a competitor, converting souls, or engaging in actual battle. They are accustomed to assuming the dominant role with all that entails. They have fewer qualms about inflicting serious damage on an adversary. They are willing to suffer losses in order to achieve larger victory. And they are more aggressive and more determined to impose their will.

The right is also willing to defer gratification in order to get what it wants. At recent GOP conventions, Christian conservatives have ceded centrality to multicultural displays featuring blacks and Latinos and to prime-time floor speeches by such pro-choice Republicans as Arnold Schwarzenegger and Rudy Giuliani. In 2001, the business community showed similar discipline in accepting deferral of a corporate tax cut bill until later in Bush's first term.

By contrast, many on the left are intensely hostile to hierarchy and to compromising their principles on behalf of victory. Feminists long overestimated the degree of public support for a hard line on abortion, while civil rights

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activists long underestimated the queasiness of many Americans with the concept of affirmative action. Even today, no one in the Democratic Party seems able to prevent polarizing figures from showing up at inopportune moments, as Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton did recently at Ned Lamont's victory speech in Connecticut. In many ways, the problem is intrinsic to the way the party is organized: Because so many Democratic constituencies are mobilized on the basis of racial and sexual identity, there is little willingness to compromise, since compromise requires what is perceived as a renunciation of the self.

Many of the temperamental differences between left and right are reflected in the differing ways conservative and liberal donors have sought to influence politics. Consider the Heritage Foundation, created in the early '70s with backing from Joseph Coors and Richard Scaife. In 1974, the Republican Party was crushed in the wake of Richard Nixon's forced resignation. In 1976, the GOP lost the White House. But Coors and Scaife stuck with Heritage and were joined by ideological sympathizers. By the time Ronald Reagan was elected in 1980, Heritage had become the premier think tank on the right, and it continues to influence government policy today.

Contrast that to the short-sighted behavior of the Democratic donors—led by financier George Soros and insurance magnate Peter Lewis—who started a group called America Coming Together (ACT) in 2003. Their goal was to create a permanent institution, with headquarters in every battleground state, that would turn out Democratic voters. When ACT and its sister organization, the Media Fund, failed to produce a Democratic presidential victory, Soros and Lewis pulled the plug, forcing the closure of both ACT and the Media Fund and effectively writing off $200 million as a failed gamble. Referring to Soros and Lewis, Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee Chair Rahm Emanuel last month lamented to the New York *Daily News*: "In the 2004 election there were some very active players who, as far as I can tell, have now decided they're neither going to be involved in the field, advertising or anything. ... Do you know where they are?"

The temperamental shortcomings of the Democratic Party stem, in many ways, from its history of achievement. The culture wars continue to powerfully animate national politics in large part because the left has been so successful at winning them. In extraordinarily short order, racial discrimination has been outlawed; abortion and contraception—including, now, the morning-after pill—have been legalized; sexual harassment has been barred from the workplace; the labor force participation of mothers has soared, reaching 78 percent for those with teenage children; many corporations and local governments, as well as some states, offer health coverage and other benefits to gay and lesbian partners; prime-time television portrays a sexually liberated nation; high schools hand out condoms; diversity is the norm in public school textbooks; the faculties of elite colleges are overwhelmingly liberal; and the military draft has been eliminated.

In other words, in the culture and the workplace, the left's core constituencies have largely won. As a result, for a decade or more, their goal has mostly been to consolidate gains rather than to break significant new ground. Conservatives, on the other hand, are losing the culture wars, and they know it. This has only made them fight harder—and, ironically, it has strengthened the political party to which they belong.

One other temperamental consideration bears mentioning: The Republican Party is the party of risk at a time when risk, managed adroitly, is an accepted fact of life for most Americans. The democratization of debt; innovations in banking that led to new mortgage instruments and high home-ownership levels; the mutual fund; the discount brokerage house—all have made risk and entrepreneurship a more essential part of the American psyche than ever before. Defined pension plans have been replaced with contribution plans and 401k programs; and, with these changes, the Republican goal of a huge investor class has been realized. Meanwhile, the old mechanisms of mitigating risk—trade unions and paternalistic corporations—are in decline. Indeed, the pervasiveness of risk in today's economy has made many Americans feel it is safer to look out for yourself and your kin than to place your fate in the hands of a politically controlled collective. Risk is now, for better or worse, a central feature of American life—for managers, entrepreneurs, professionals, and workers. Both substantively and stylistically, Republicans speak to this prevailing mood in a way that Democrats do not.

THE PROBLEMS OF the Democratic Party are largely structural and, therefore, do not lend themselves to facile fixes. Indeed, over the last ten years, the biggest threat to GOP domination hasn't come from Democrats but rather from Republicans themselves. With the government shutdowns of 1995 and 1996 and the vote to impeach Bill Clinton in 1998, Republicans reached too far. Still, none of these momentary lapses derailed the GOP's long-term project of building an enduring majority. And so, while the Iraq war may someday be viewed as a political overreach of sorts, it seems unlikely that it will lead to a fundamental realignment of the electoral landscape.

To be sure, there are plenty of unknowns that *could* bring about such a realignment: the approaching retirement of baby-boomers, the growing ranks of Latino voters, another terrorist attack, a serious economic decline. But, unless Democrats are rescued by a major trend or an unforeseen event, they will probably be making Karl Rove look good for many years to come. ■

This article is adapted from Thomas B. Edsall's new book, BUILDING RED AMERICA: THE NEW CONSERVATIVE COALITION AND THE DRIVE FOR PERMANENT POWER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Different Worlds

REVIEWING A RECENT FILM based on a television series, Michael Wood wrote, "What TV doesn't seem to need is a world." When directors want to make television series into movies, he wrote, "they mean, among other things, that they want to create a world, a location which is a kind of character." Two new films, though not based on television, nonetheless support Wood's view of cinematic resource: they create their worlds as characters.

RIDING ALONE FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES
(Sony Pictures Classics)

LE PETIT LIEUTENANT
(Cinema Guild)

Zhang Yimou, the most eminent among current Chinese directors, calls his new film **RIDING ALONE FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES**. We are soon relieved to learn that this is the title of an old Chinese opera with which Zhang's story deals. Yet the film opens in Japan. It proceeds to China through a stolid middle-aged Japanese fisherman, Takata, who has a son, Ken-ichi, in Tokyo—a professor of Oriental arts who is much interested in Chinese opera.

Father and son have not spoken in years; still, when Ken-ichi becomes ill, Takata goes to Tokyo. The son refuses to see him. Takata learns through a tape that Ken-ichi had visited a Chinese province to investigate a local opera and had been planning to record it. (Presumably, Ken-ichi knows the basic national elements—music, movement, masks, and so forth—but is interested in the local variation, of which there are three hundred.) To draw closer to his son, Takata takes a camcorder to that province to do the job himself. (He of course needs help from translators.)

But the leading singer who had promised to perform for Ken-ichi is now in a prison hospital because of a fight over *his* son, a small boy. He is now too worried about his son to perform the opera. The rest of the film deals with Takata's efforts to bring the boy to the hospital so that the singer will cooperate and Takata can film him for his own son. The parallel between the two father-son situations might be irritatingly pat in a Western film; but embedded here in a culture of formalities, with some of the arcs and gestures of that culture, it almost becomes an opera of its own.

Zhang is no stranger to Western opera, either. He provided the staging for a production of *Turandot* that was taken from Italy to China. (Zhang was also seen in a 1999 documentary about the production.) In the coming season, Zhang will direct the world premiere of a Chinese opera at the Metropolitan with Placido Domingo in the leading role. When we remember that Zhang is also the director of—among other films—*Ju Dou*, a resounding social drama, and *The Story of Qiu Ju*, a comedy about a young woman battling bureaucracy to get a genital operation for her husband, we have to think that, even allowing for the briars of film-making, here is a director who is enjoying himself.

What remains most vividly after *Riding*, however, is not its story but, in Wood's sense, its world—the immersion in that world of a foreigner, not a polo-shirted Yank but a stiff-necked Japanese. And it is all overseen by a Chinese director.

Another Woodian world dominates a new French film, **LE PETIT LIEUTENANT**. At first glance—at several glances—the territory seems familiar: the doings and beings of a squad of detectives. Numberless television series and films (foreign ones, too) have rooted around in that region, and it would be hard to maintain that this picture is completely novel. But its world as made by its characters gives it life.

Oddly, the most interesting of those characters slips into the film after it is well along and doesn't take over right away. The screenplay, by the director Xavier Beauvois and three collaborators, begins with the graduation from the national police academy of a young lieutenant, Antoine; his assignment to a Paris homicide squad; and his initiation into police routines and the living of a policeman's life. (He is a plainclothesman right from the start.) Soon a new squad commander appears. That officer is a middle-aged woman, Caroline, who once worked here but had been reassigned for a while. Caroline, clearly competent, keeps an eye on Antoine, who is eager but green.

But even the idea of a female superior is not novel, and impatience with the film teases us. Then it disappears because of the world we enter—through the two leading characters. Antoine develops. He is married; his wife teaches in Le Havre and wants to stay there. He doesn't want to be assigned to Le Havre, because, he tells her semi-seriously, they have perhaps one murder a year. In Paris, there is no shortage. In fact, on a visit he tells his wife about the first autopsy of a victim that he has witnessed. He says that while it was going on, he found himself thinking of Mozart. On a table were lungs and liver and guts, and it was through such components, he thought, that Mozart lived. Here and elsewhere, Jalil Lespert as Antoine provides just enough truth to convince us without overwhelming us.

Caroline has the composure of a person who has been through something grave: her composure is not a reward but a refuge. She is a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. If there is a good reason for alcoholism, she had one: she had a son who died of meningitis at age seven. (We learn about her chiefly from occasional scenes with a white-haired former lover who is admiring and affectionate, scenes that are touchingly understated.) She treats her police work like a professional—as if she were, say, an office manager.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caroline is played by Nathalie Baye, the invaluable actress who has been making films since 1972 and has worked with a range of directors from Godard to Spielberg. By now her very appearance on screen is, in a way, comforting. She never seems to take on a role: she simply resumes it, as if she has never been anyone other than the woman she is now presenting.

What has begun as Antoine's film becomes hers, not by elbowing but through Baye's quiet strength. The plot takes her team to Nice, and in the last shot she is, for good reasons, walking along the beach, thinking, feeling, recovering. The story has no conclusion in any programmatic sense. It just finishes. Even this fact, plus the power of Baye, helps to create the film's world.

This is the fourth film directed and at least co-written by Beauvois. (He has acted in a number of pictures, including a previous one of his own, and he is in *Le Petit Lieutenant* for a while.) He is a clean and sure director, with a good selective eye: he knows where we ought to be looking at any moment. We can hope for more Beauvois films with worlds of their own. ■

Fouad Ajami

The Humanist in the Alleys

Naguib Mahfouz, 1911–2006.

I.

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT PHARAOH would give the great writer a military funeral. By the time of Naguib Mahfouz's death a few weeks ago at the age of ninety-four, the novelist who had never had a tender thought for the military officers and their regime—who years earlier, when these officers were still young and full of perfect certitude, had written a novel in which a character standing for these men plunges to his death from a bridge over the Nile after disgrace had overwhelmed him—was to be claimed by the strongman of the military regime. Before the end came for Mahfouz, the gentle man with aquiline features became what he had never bargained for: national property, the Nobel laureate of the Arabs, called on by ministers of culture and hailed by the organs of the regime.

Back in 1994, Mahfouz was stabbed in the neck by an apprentice electrician, a young Islamist who had never read a line of his work. He survived, but his writing hand was paralyzed. The regime assigned him a security detail, and the old (and safe) hedonism of his life, its erstwhile freedom, was now clearly behind him. Here, for a mediocre and philistine government that had smothered the cultural life of the land, was the perfect prop: the old, frail man with failing eyesight, hard of hearing, protected from further danger by the policemen and the undercover agents of the military autocracy.

The ordinary people of Cairo, who peopled and nourished this man's fiction, whose lives and guile he had depicted with such masterful simplicity for well over six decades, gave him their own funeral, far away from the mighty. "Farewell, Shakespeare of the Arabs" read a banner held aloft by a simple middle-aged man, an Egyptian Everyman. In a country with a darkening cultural landscape, in a place where *hanin* (yearning and nostalgia) for the past had come to express a despair over the country's present, Mahfouz was a link to all that Egyptians held dear about themselves—to an idea of *Misr*, Egypt, as a place of tolerance, as a land across continents that harmonized contending truths.

It wasn't just that the Nobel Prize had been given to one of their own. They were proud of it, to be sure, for they were by their own admission a people given to the "*khawaga* complex"—a feeling of inferiority before the foreigner, the white man. But more to the point was Mahfouz's fidelity to the simple, small bourgeois life of Cairo's alleyways. He was unspoiled; he was, in the way of his city, a creature of habits and routines. Until the boys of darkness struck in 1994, and he had to duck under armed guard into hotels secured by the police, he frequented the same coffeehouses, bought his papers from the same vendor, hung around with the same friends. No man was as free of affectation as this modest and decent man. There was a *shilla* of friends around him, a band, a gang. They called themselves the *harafish*, the rabble or the riffraff; but I can report that they flattered themselves, for when I spent some evenings with them, they proved to be a tame lot. They were writers and film-makers and elderly actors. They were aging men who spoke sentimentally of the carousing and the ribaldry of some distant past. They remembered an orderly land; they talked of literary feuds now of no consequence to an Egypt choking on failure and need, physically overwhelmed in a metropolis bursting at the seams.

MAHFOUZ WAS BORN IN 1911. His country had a population of eleven million people then. He died in a country of some seventy-five million people. The Cairo of his birth was a graceful city of seven hundred thousand; today it is home to nearly twenty million people. No country could bequeath culture and learning to such numbers, or accommodate them in the world. The grace of the land, its old rhythm, has been routed, overwhelmed. And Mahfouz's characters wept for it all. In *The Day the Leader Was Killed*, a fictionalized account of Anwar al-Sadat's assassination, a middle-aged man, clearly standing in for Mahfouz himself, ponders his shrunken house amid the high-rise buildings and the sprawl of the ever more congested city, and weeps for his "pygmy of a house, by a river which itself had

Fouad Ajami teaches at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies and is the author, most recently, of THE FOREIGNER'S GIFT: THE AMERICANS, THE ARABS, AND THE IRAQIS IN IRAQ *(Free Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

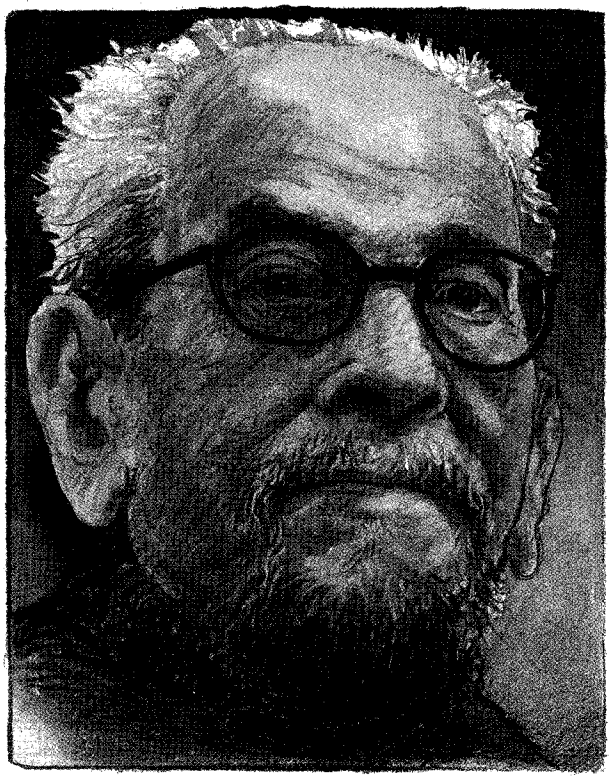
changed, which had lost its splendor and glory and is no longer capable of anger. Oh, how numerous are the cars, how large the fortunes, how bitter the poverty, and how many beloved ones had departed from the world."

This physical desolation, the crowded land pressed to the limit: they are a break with all that Egypt had known in the cozier bourgeois world of Mahfouz's youth. In *Echoes of an Autobiography*, a bewitching work of startling vignettes published in 1995, the writer's double, an aimless wanderer, happens on a man alone playing a flute in homage to the beauty of the world. "It would be great if the people got to hear your melodies," the wanderer tells the flutist. But the flutist knows his people and knows what had become of Egypt. "They are busy quarreling and weeping," he answers.

A country that had hitherto prided itself on its protean identity—Europe beginning at Alexandria, the Arab-Islamic world at Cairo, Africa at Aswan—and had willingly jumbled faith and worldliness was overwhelmed by a single simple absolute. "The land, the land is full of bigotry," one of Mahfouz's older characters laments. And in the face of this purity, the wanderer—Abd Rabbo, or Servant of God, is the sly name given to him by the novelist—still insists on the oneness of faith and play, and on the meandering ways of the world. "I was walking along the road by the cemetery on my way back from the tavern," Abd Rabbo says. "A voice came to me from the grave and asked me, 'Why have you stopped visiting us and talking with us?' " He answers, "You only love talking of death and the dead and I have wearied of all that."

Sheik al-Azhar and the Mufti of the Republic were certainly present at Mahfouz's funeral—the man's celebrity decreed it; but the writer had suffered his share of grief at the hands of the custodians of religion. It wasn't just the attempt on his life in 1994 by a religious fanatic. (The writ that declared his blood *halal*, permissible, was issued by the "blind sheik" Omar Abdel Rahman, who would carry his bigotry from the oasis town of Fayyoum, on the edge of the Western Desert, to Brooklyn and Jersey City, remarking that Salman Rushdie would never have dared to write *The Satanic Verses* had Mahfouz been killed for writing his great novel *Awlad Haretna*, a controversial work published in serial form in *Al-Ahram* in 1959.) The official religious institution, Al-Azhar, had stopped well short of a call to murder, but its custodians nonetheless proscribed *Awlad Haretna*.

In this work (translated into English under the title *Children of Gebelawi*), Mahfouz played with fire. The angelic Mahfouz was no angel after all. He knowingly pushed into forbidden territory—both religious and political. The custodians of religious and political orthodoxies understood the allegory. In this immensely rich and subversive work, a god-like figure, Gebelawi, establishes a great dominion; the quarter where Gebelawi's writ runs is the world in miniature. Gebelawi has gardens and power and property; he rules but he is not seen. No one in this cowed neighborhood contests his power. But then Gebelawi—in a clear allusion to the death of God in the modern world—dies, and his dominion is bequeathed to his son Adham, or Adam. Adham is the son of a slave woman, and his older siblings quarrel with Gebelawi's choice. Gebelawi has his way because Adham, he decrees, knows the names and the habits of the quarter, and can whip it into submission.



Naguib Mahfouz by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

In the rest of the story we read of Adham's betrayal, and the heroic but doomed attempt of three prophets—stand-ins for Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad—to change the ways of men and to rescue the quarter from the rule of petty tyrants. The people pray and endure their fate—this is at once the strength of Mahfouz's characters and their paralyzing weakness—and wait for a deliverance that never comes. The surface tranquility of this quarter is a sham. Qassem, the prophet Muhammad's double, had tried to dispense justice, Mahfouz wrote; he shared the war booty and the treasure. There was not much of it, but it was distributed with a measure of equity. Yet his heirs played havoc with the world and fought over his legacy, and the tyrants had their way with the *hara*, the quarter. Greed devoured everything, and in the coffeehouses poets and storytellers told of better days and dreamed of salvation. An old man bent by the years, a drunkard, agitates in a loud voice for a return to "the way things were under Qassem." One of the *futuwwa*, the bullies, beats the old man savagely.

The dreams of human improvement atrophy in this place; nothing remains of the great reformers. The three prophets become mere "names and songs sung by the poets of the coffeehouses under the gaze of people given to despair and surrender." Magic and drugs and superstitions take hold of the neighborhood. A redeemer turns up, a secular man with secular amulets and new tricks promising to give justice, but he is betrayed and buried alive by the overseer of the neighborhood and his policemen. So everything fails: the wisdom of the prophets, the secular talismans. This was 1959, and the Nasser regime read the work as an attack on the religious institutions, and of course on the secular rulers, the military officers hoarding power for themselves. Mahfouz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bent to the pressure; it was no use, he said, to offend Al-Azhar. He would refrain from publishing this piece of fiction in book form. Eight years later, it was published in Beirut, but the controversy swirling around it never disappeared.

II.

"Most Egyptians neither fear nor dislike thieves. But they do have an instinctive dislike for dogs," a man on the run from the police, a character by the name of Said Mahran, says in *The Thief and the Dogs*, which appeared in 1961. No one was fooled: Mahfouz's dogs stood for the forces of the autocracy of Gamal Abdul Nasser. Spare and dark and unsentimental, *The Thief and the Dogs* gave voice to Mahfouz's disenchantment with the military class, and with the opportunism of the functionaries of the regime who had broken the society and turned it into a dominion of their own.

In this novel, Said Mahran, a petty thief who had been betrayed by one of his men, is let out of prison on the anniversary of the Revolution of the Free Officers. He is released into a world re-made by that revolution. The man who betrayed him has become the head of Said's old gang; he is married to Said's wife, and he has custody of Said's beloved young daughter. No one is waiting for him; he is released with nothing but his blue suit and his gym shoes. In prison, he had lived on the dream of revenge—against the man who had betrayed him, against his former wife. And he yearned for his daughter. But his daughter, an impressionable schoolgirl, spurns him, and his old nemesis, Ilish, has by now become a big man in the criminal world.

In his despair, he recalls an old friend he had known, one Rauf Ilwan, back then a "young peasant with shabby clothes, a big heart, and a direct and glittering style of writing." Rauf has risen in the world; he is one of the new men of this Nasserite revolution. He has become a celebrated and successful journalist; he lives in an elegant villa by the Nile. "How had Rauf managed it? And in such a short time! Not even thieves could dream of owning a thing like that.... You are indeed a mystery, Rauf Ilwan, and you must be made to reveal your secret."

In those old days Rauf had been a firebrand, and Said probes him across this new barrier of wealth and ease. "The news astounded us in prison. Who could have predicted such things. No class war now?" The man of this new order understands his old friend's mind. "Let there be a truce. Every struggle has its proper field of battle." Back when they were younger men, before the revolution had given him his new means, Rauf had preached a different doctrine: a revolver, he once told Said, is more important than a loaf of bread, "more important than the Sufi sessions you keep rushing off to the way your father did. What does a man need in this country, Said? He needs a gun and a book; the gun will take care of the past, the book is for the future. Therefore you must train and read." It had been legitimate to steal, to "relieve the exploiters of some of their guilt."

The encounter ends badly, and Said returns at night and breaks into Rauf's villa. But Rauf is waiting for him. He lets him go with a warning, and Said now has another account to settle with this man living in a "mansion of steel." Luck fails the ill-starred thief. He bungles an attempt on the life of the former underling who had taken from him his wife and his daughter; instead he shoots and kills an innocent tenant who had moved into his old nemesis's home. He finds shelter in the home, and in the arms, of Nur, a "lady of the night." He becomes something of a journalistic sensation as the papers write about his exploits. Rauf's paper is particularly relentless, for the journalist wants him out of the way, wants his own past buried and done with. But failure sticks to Said: he botches an attempt on Rauf's life. This was his one chance to make the world right, for a "world without morals is a universe without gravity." He had imagined himself telling the papers why he killed the journalist. Instead, he reads about Rauf explaining how he had known Said so many years back, how he had tried to help him build a new life. He learns that yet another innocent victim has fallen: Rauf got away unscathed, but his *bawwab*, his doorman, was killed. He is visited by the spirit of the doorman, and he hides in shame, but the spirit complains that "millions of people are killed by mistake and without due cause."

The world closes in on Said: after a night of torment he waits in vain for Nur to return at dawn. When she does not turn up, he suspects that perhaps she has succumbed to the reward offered by the police. He turns up at the home of Sheik Ali al-Junaydi, a Sufi teacher of his father's, a kind and wise old man. He finds him leading his followers in prayer and chanting. "Memories came drifting by like clouds. He remembered his father, Amm Mahran, had swayed with the chanters, while he, then a young boy, had sat near the palm tree observing the scene wide-eyed. From the shadows emerged fancies about the immortal soul, living under the protection of the Most Compassionate." He thought also of his little daughter, in his arms, "speaking her first wonderful baby words." He felt his revolver, giving him the consolation that he might still find a way out, and that perhaps for the first time "the thief would give chase to the dogs." He flees the sheik's house, and flees the neighborhood besieged by the police. He makes his way to the cemetery by the desert's edge, by Nur's flat. In the distance he hears the tracker dogs bark. "It was hopeless now to think of running away from the dark into the dark." The treacherous scoundrels had gotten away with it all. The dogs are closing in, and a triumphant voice calls on him to surrender. He chooses to fight. The shooting starts, he is surrounded. "Slowly the silence was spreading until the world seemed gripped in a strange stupefaction."

In truth, Mahfouz had never kindled to the revolution of Nasser and his fellow conspirators. "The Revolution has stolen the property of a few and the liberty of all," a man of the old order laments in *Miramar*, a rare work that the writer set in Alexandria, published on the eve of the Six Day War. The hooliganism of the revolution, the rise of men like Rauf Ilwan, the virulence of the New Men against all the progress that came before their ascent to power—all this was deeply offensive to a man of Mahfouz's sensibility. He was forty in 1952, when the revolution had taken place. He was nearly a decade older than the coup-makers, and this had made all the difference. The true and first political love of this man was the bourgeois revolution of 1919, when Egypt erupted against British rule, and Egyptian nationalism felt the stirrings of pride and dignity. This was in its way a springtime of nations—the collapse of empires, the claims of new nationalisms. Mahfouz fondly recalled, in deep old age, watching the demonstrations of 1919 from behind the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

window shutters in the old Cairo neighborhood of Jamaliyya, where he was born. He saw British soldiers gun down demonstrators; he recalled his illiterate mother attaching her thumbprint to a nationalist petition.

The Egyptians were not able to evict the British overlords, but they forced on them some major concessions. In early 1922, Britain renounced her protectorate over Egypt; then came the proclamation of Egypt's independence as a sovereign monarchy and the drafting of a constitution. The hero of this period—and no doubt the idol of Mahfouz—was the political leader Saad Zaghlul, the icon of Egyptian nationalism. "As a student in secondary school, I started buying newspapers to keep track of Saad's news, to read his speeches. I would read these speeches as though I was reading works of composition and art. When Saad Pasha Zaghlul died on August 23 in 1927, that was the worst day of my life. My whole being was taken by love for this leader." This devotion to Zaghlul—Mahfouz compares it to the stirrings of first love—and to the revolution of 1919 suffuses Mahfouz's work. His magnificent *Cairo Trilogy*, published in 1956 but completed on the eve of the revolution of 1952, pays tribute to the glorious hopes of 1919. Fahmi, a young character who carries Mahfouz's own aspirations, says that the stirrings of that time called up before his eyes "a new world, a new home, a new people, all bursting with vitality and zeal." Fahmi is willing to die for the homeland, for "faith is stronger than death, and death more honorable than humiliation."

Conversation Between Clouds

And one said to the other:
It's different every time, but there was one . . .

And as they roiled above they seemed to want to be
Something in particular, not just anything,

Becoming, in turn, something altogether other,
Dying out at the edge,

Where the last trace of their former form had been.

And one said to the other:
Think of two creatures lying down, unknowing

They recline upon a substance without body
Floating in the air,

Of the vertigo of knowing this
The moment they arise, a moment carrying the fall

Itself as they fold into each other or fade.

And one said to the other:
Remember, dear, there is nothing below but a sea

Of wind, ribbons of rain,
A parachute of snow, nothing contains us,

But even so, it is wise to hold on to my hand
Even though

It is a cloud among clouds.

PHILLIS LEVIN

In *Amam al-Arsh*, or *Before the Throne*, an inventive work of fiction written in 1983, Mahfouz persists with his first love. In this novel, Egypt's rulers, from Mina to Sadat, turn up before Osiris, the chief deity of Egyptian mythology. It is a courtroom setting, and Egypt's rulers are here for history's verdict. Osiris is flanked by Isis, acting as a counsel for the defense, and Horus, as a court clerk. All the greats—Ramses II, Akhenaton and Nefertiti, Muhammad Ali, Zaghlul, Nasser, and Sadat—are here to tell of their accomplishments and to receive the judgment of history. They get to cross-examine one another, and the lucky ones are invited to join the ranks of *al-khalidun*, the immortals. There is no sentimentalism in Mahfouz, but Zaghlul is treated with tenderness. Mahfouz has him entering the court with great dignity. A man of attractive features, he tells of his modest birth, his studies at Al-Azhar, his struggle against the British, his exile by British authorities to the island of Malta, his second exile to the Seychelles, his fidelity to home and country. "You united the Egyptians as I have united their kingdom. Thus you are my friend and my successor," Ramses II says. Isis gives him her boundless enthusiasm: "Let the gods bless this faithful, great son who proved that Egypt is a force that is never conquered and never dies." Osiris gives him a fitting judgment: "You are the first native Egyptian who ruled the land since the Pharaonic age. You came to power by the people's will. This is why I grant you the right to sit among the immortals of your forefathers."

A writer formed by the liberal currents of the interwar years was not destined to admire Nasser's revolt. Mahfouz dreaded the simplifications. The animus of the new military class toward the bourgeois revolution of 1919, toward the interlude that had formed Mahfouz and given him his most cherished memories, deeply offended him. He was a liberal and a pluralist in the best sense of those terms. He drew an essential distinction between his animus toward British rule in Egypt and his love of English letters and Western culture. He was a novelist, and his choice of craft told it all: the novel was a Western form, not an Arab one. Poetry was the beloved voice of the Arabs, and the great poets were the genuine immortals of Arab lore. It is said that the first successful attempt at an Arab novel was completed in 1911, the year of Mahfouz's birth, by Muhammad Husayn Haykal, a work titled *Zainab*. The Western canon in fiction was his inspiration; he had prepared for his calling as a student at the university. He was exceedingly well read; he immersed himself in Western philosophy and Western literature. Mahfouz was not a mimic man, nor did he concern himself with the paralyzing worry over authenticity. A man who spends decades at the same coffeehouses, with the same friends, has no reason to worry about authenticity. A Nobel laureate who sends his daughters to Stockholm to accept the prize for him is a man at ease with his own world.

After Mahfouz's death, the obituaries declared him the great Arab novelist. Fair enough, as far as it goes; but his identity as an Arab was idiosyncratic, to say the least. He visited another Arab country only once, in 1963, when he spent three days in Yemen. That trip was made under duress, ordered by the chief of staff of the armed forces, Abdul Hakim Amer. Yemen was then a battleground between Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and an official delegation was sent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Yemen to show the flag. It did not take the writer long—just those three days—to recognize that the adventure in Yemen was doomed, that the Egyptians in Yemen were too far from home and would not prevail. And that was it: he never traveled to Arab lands again. He wished the Arabs well, but his fidelity was to Egypt.

There had been a strong intellectual current during Mahfouz's youth, known as pharaonism, which had ensnared some of Egypt's best minds. It stressed the unbroken connection between ancient and modern Egyptians. It drew a sharp distinction between Egypt and the neighboring lands. On some subliminal level, it no doubt closed the gap between Muslims and Copts. But Mahfouz did not worship at the shrine of the "Egypt of 5,000 years." He never visited the ancient temples in Luxor and Aswan. He had no urge to see the pharaonic monuments. Two or three of his earliest novels were set in ancient Egypt, but they were allegories. His canvas, his universe, his love, was Cairo, *al-Qahira*, the City Victorious, founded in the latter years of the tenth century as a city of Islam, at first a Fatimid (Shia) city, then a city that carried the truth of Sunni Islam. But here things were harmonized: a Sunni city whose most beloved mosque is named after Imam Hussein, Shiism's iconic martyr, and whose most vibrant traditional neighborhood is named for Zainab, Hussein's faithful sister and the bearer of his cult, is a city that can blend conflicting truths. The great Cairene writer was not a provincial; he merely found a whole world in a single city. He never traveled to upper Egypt: in a country identified with the Nile delta and with the peasantry, he was unwilling to visit the countryside. Relatives had taken him to Fayyoum, not far from Cairo, when he was a boy, but a week later, at his insistence, they were to bring him back to the city he loved.

III.

MAHFOUZ NEITHER GLOATED over the defeat of Nasserism in 1967 nor hid from its verdict. He had seen it coming. The rot of Nasserism was the subtle theme of several of his novels. Yet the military weakness of the regime genuinely shocked him. He would speak of it again and again, and he would let his characters give voice to it. After the defeat in the Six Day War, there came a period of nihilism and despair. From *Mirrors*, published in 1972: "When the thing happened on the 5th of June 1967, he was shocked and overcome with confusion. He would roam the coffeehouses and the salons as though it were Judgment Day. 'Was our life a mirage, an illusion?' he asked.... No one has gone mad, no one had committed suicide, no one was overcome by a stroke or a heart attack. I must go mad or commit suicide." A young man sees the only way out: emigration. This was new for a people who had hitherto dreaded leaving the "valley" of Egypt for foreign lands. "Man is basically a traveling being, and the homeland is only the place that guarantees you happiness and prosperity. That is why the elite few dare travel, while the backward people stay behind." An older relative rebukes him: "You want to travel toward civilization instead of nurturing it on your own land." The old man is brushed aside.

Mahfouz's incomparable ear for his country's talk, his clear sense of his homeland's temptations, is best captured, I think, in the chatter of a Cairo coffeehouse in *Al-Karnak*, published in 1974 but clearly written before the October War of 1973. All that would play out in Egypt in the years to come is foreshadowed in this long passage:

> There was but one dominant discussion at Al-Karnak: Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, we had no other topics to discuss. Exhausted by boredom one of us would say: let us choose another topic. We would show enthusiasm for that suggestion, raise some topic, deal with it with carelessness and then go back to our old topic, devouring it and devouring us, without interruption and with no end:
>
> —"The war, there is no option but war."
>
> —"No, it is the Fedayeen's struggle."
>
> —"A peaceful settlement is also possible."
>
> —"The only possible solution is that which is dictated by the great powers."
>
> —"Negotiation means surrender."
>
> —"Negotiations are a necessity. All the nations negotiate—even America and China and Russia and Pakistan and India."
>
> —"Peace means that Israel would dominate the entire area."
>
> —"Why should we fear peace? Were we swallowed up by the English and French?"
>
> —"If the future proved that Israel is a 'good state' we would coexist with her and if it proved the reverse we would eradicate her as we eradicated the crusaders' state before."
>
> —"The future belongs to us. Look at our numbers and our wealth ..."
>
> —"Our real battle is a civilizational battle. Peace is more dangerous to us than war."
>
> —"Let us then demobilize the army and rebuild ourselves."
>
> —"Let us declare our neutrality and ask other states to recognize it."
>
> —"What of the Fedayeen? You ignore the real catalyst in the situation."
>
> —"We have been defeated and we must pay the price and leave the rest to the future."
>
> —"The real enemy of the Arabs are the Arabs themselves."
>
> —"Everything depends on the unity of the Arabs in the effort."
>
> —"Half the Arabs ... were victorious on the fifth of June [1967]."
>
> —"Let's begin then with the internal situation. There is no escape."
>
> —"Great. Religion, religion is everything."

IT WAS NO GREAT SURPRISE THAT Mahfouz was enthusiastic about Sadat's peace with Israel. He had seen its urgency, and pined for it, even before Sadat made his way to that noble conclusion. Not out of love for Israel, to be sure: Mahfouz was an Egyptian, and he simply wanted a deliverance for his homeland. His characters sought a break from the pan-Arab burden. It did not matter to him that he would be censured by the unions of Arab writers for his Arab deviationism, and that Arab intellectuals—in Beirut and Ramallah

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE/PERSONAL ASSISTANT

New York City—Highly intelligent, resourceful individuals with exceptional communication skills sought to undertake research projects and administrative tasks for one of Wall Street's most successful entrepreneurs. We welcome applications from writers, musicians, artists, or others who may be pursuing other professional goals in the balance of their time. $90-110k/yr to start (depending on qualifications). Resume to: gen8R@spsfind.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Algiers and London—would rebuke him. He had the verities of Cairo's alleys. He loved his neighbors, he knew them and pitied them, he wanted them spared ruinous wars. He owed his serenity to his Egyptian heart. It sustained him when "the street" and the unions of hack writers condemned him for his support of the peace. He paid no heed to those who said that the Nobel Prize had been granted to him not so much for his art but for his politics; that other luminaries of Arabic literature—the Syrian poet Adonis, the Egyptian playwright Yusuf Idris—deserved the prize more. He brushed all this aside. After all, the great award had come his way when he was in his late seventies. He had toiled as a civil servant—in the great bureaucratic society that Egypt has been since time immemorial—until the mandatory retirement age. He had his art and his friends and his coffeehouses, and in this world he was truly at peace.

It was no mystery to Mahfouz that this new peace with Israel would be unloved. To make this peace, Sadat had to glorify the October War of 1973, and claim it as his and Egypt's great victory, so as to move away from the shadow of the legendary Nasser. But glories and victories were not the material of Egyptian history. So the cunning land would take the peace and reject the peacemaker. Mahfouz circled this riddle of his country's capriciousness in *The Day the Leader was Killed*, a short work of fiction published in 1985 and built around Sadat's assassination four years earlier. In that work, a shrewd Mahfouzian character, Alwan Mohtashami, notes the cruel irony that Nasser in his defeat was more beloved than Sadat. His own grandfather once told him, Alwan narrates, that theirs was a people who felt "more comfortable with defeat than with victory. We have been so used to defeat that its rhythm has taken hold of us. That is why we loved the sad songs and the heroes the martyrs.... Gamal was the martyr of the fifth of June. But this vain, victorious man has strayed from the normal course of things. He brought us new feelings we were not ready for. He asked us to change the melody we have been used to for generations. He thus aroused our wrath and resentment. He then claimed the victory for himself, exaggerated it, leaving for the rest of us poverty and corruption." Mahfouz called on Sadat's widow in the aftermath of this book, and explained that he had never meant the work as an indictment of Sadat or a justification of his assassination. It was art, he said, the writer's license, literature made out of what was said in the land of Egypt.

TNR Archives

More than 90 years of news, opinion, and criticism at your fingertips. tnr.com/archives

IV.

IT IS DARK IN MAHFOUZ'S WORLD. This is the Mahfouzian paradox: the juxtaposition of the joy and lightness of the man himself with the utter hopelessness of his fiction. In the fiction, all the bourgeois verities come tumbling down. Men and women are trapped, and Mahfouz offers no way out for them save forgetfulness, perhaps, and old age. The women betray the men, and the men are scoundrels. The men betray what they proclaim to cherish. Young country women come to the city and lose their way, surrendering to lust or to sweet promises. It is a bitter and veritably Sisyphean existence, with failure playing out under watchful eyes.

Consider Zohra, in *Miramar*, a lovely young *fellaha*, who turns up at an Alexandria pension called Miramar, having fled her native village in search of freedom. Mariana, an old Greek innkeeper shipwrecked in this town—the first revolution of 1919 had killed her husband, and the revolution of 1952 had driven out her people—offers Zohra work and a new home. She gives her the opportunity to learn to read and write. In this world of fixed hierarchies, she spoils her by giving her dreams beyond her station. But Miramar is a boarding house, and there turns up on the premises one Sarhan el-Beheiry, a young man of the new order. He is taken by Zohra and offers to marry her the way the early Muslims used to marry, without a contract and without witnesses, for "God is our witness." Lust for Zohra, though, would yield to this man's love of advancement. He takes "her heart and her honor" and proposes marriage to Zohra's middle-class teacher. Sarhan el-Beheiry loved the workers at the mill. He lusted for the lovely peasant woman, but wanted the easy life. He spoke well of the revolution, as the best of a bad lot: "Some people don't like the Revolution. But look at it this way: what other system could we have in its place? If you think clearly, you will realize that it has to be either the communists or the Muslim Brotherhood. Which of these lots would you prefer to the Revolution?" Greed tempts this man and then destroys him: a scam for some easy money goes wrong, he commits suicide, and the peace of Mariana's pension is shattered as the boarders go separate ways and Zohra leaves, sure that she will find a better place.

But the most memorable of Mahfouz's women is surely Hamida, the doomed heroine of his novel *Midaq Alley*, from 1947. The pretty girl of the alley, she strays, seduced by the lure of a life without "household drudgery, pregnancy, children and filth." A pimp offers her the promise of a life like that of "the film stars." She crosses from the alley to New Street. "She heard him call a taxi and suddenly he opened the door for her to enter. She raised a foot to step in and that one movement marked the dividing point between her two lives." A life of prostitution awaits her. Abbas, a good simple boy of the alley who had loved her, tracks her down. She wishes to use him to avenge herself against her seducer. But Abbas falters; he plunges into a group of British soldiers at a bar, where he comes upon Hamida in their midst. As a childhood friend who had come with him freezes in terror, he is beaten to death. The tale ends with the alley's strength, the alley's curse: "This crisis too, like all the others, finally subsided and the alley returned to its usual state of indifference and forgetfulness. It continued, as was its custom, to weep in the morning when there was material for tears, and resound with laughter in the evening. And in the time between, doors and windows would creak as they were opened and then creak again as they were closed."

If there is truth in the conventional notion of Mahfouz as holding up a mirror to his country, the image in the mirror was decidedly not pretty. This son of Egypt was unillusioned about his country. He saw it for what it was: a hemmed-in land, suffocated by poverty, its bourgeoisie brittle and uncertain, and close to the abyss. Mahfouz's is a ruthlessly material world—stark and pitiless, driven by need and desire. God visits this world, but not convincingly, as men and women think of Him and His mercy mostly when they falter, when they are undone by calamity or by their own greed, or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when they are led astray by the force of their own desires. God forgives, but His creatures suspect that they are on their own, subject to the writ of the rulers and the money men and the bullies. Men stalk and prey on women, and the women return the favor. It is harsh in Mahfouz's alleys. Men and women survive; there is even grace and gossip in the evening, on the rooftops and in the coffeehouses; there are hilarious storytellers and charming rogues—but the pimp is never far from the comely girl, and he has a way of knowing when she is ready to sink. There is order in this universe, but it hangs by a slender thread.

MAHFOUZ OFFERED HIS country no consolation. He was not a nationalist disguising his country's blemishes or addling it with false escape. He never worried about how he would be read in distant lands. Egypt was the canvas on which this man of sublime talents drew his unforgettable portraits of impossible lives. Readers came to him looking for Egypt and its political condition, its mind and its moods. For this reason, he has been read also as a social historian of his country. (For this I, too, must plead guilty, having for three decades used his fiction in that way.) But there runs through his output—well over fifty works of fiction—a different, and more universal, concern. He gave voice to it in paying tribute to an Israeli scholar, Sasson Somekh, who had done a huge amount of work on Mahfouz, and who understood—this is what Mahfouz appreciated so much—that at the heart of his fiction lay not Egypt's modern history, but something even grander: man's battle with time.

On the day of Mahfouz's death, a young Iranian-American author and journalist, Afshin Molavi, left a message of condolence on my answering machine in New York. I was a little startled. I was not a friend of the great Cairene, only his devoted fan and bewitched reader, who picked up his novels when I was a boy in Beirut and have recalled, for so many years, his unforgettable characters. I had been privileged to spend some time in his company. But the message was, in a humble way, not at all inappropriate. It reminded me of an essay, a eulogy of the great Isaiah Berlin, written by Leon Wieseltier in these pages in 1997. " 'When a sage dies,' says the Talmud, 'all are his kin,' " Wieseltier wrote, and this was to be the unifying theme of his essay. Even those who did not know the sage directly, who did not study under him, were under obligation to mourn him, to rend their garments for the departed. In Cairo, but also far beyond it, there should be mourning for Naguib Mahfouz. We were, many of us, his kin. And he was the last of a breed. Now there is only the barren soil of the autocratic land; there is Pharaoh, and his court, and his military funerals. ■

David Thomson
Deathworks

EXQUISITE CORPSE:
SURREALISM AND THE
BLACK DAHLIA MURDER
By Mark Nelson and
Sarah Hudson Bayliss
(Bulfinch, 192 pp., $35)

BLACK DAHLIA AVENGER:
A GENIUS FOR MURDER
By Steve Hodel
(HarperPaperbacks, 624 pp., $13.95)

I.

IN SIXTY YEARS, TWO HUGE changes have occurred at the movies: far fewer people go to see them, and those left behind are asked to behold unimaginably crueler things. (I say behold, because we know that our bargain at the movies is that we cannot intervene. We are not quite there.) I'm not sure how these changes are connected. You can argue that this decline, achieved really in the 1960s, allowed more adult (as opposed to Adult) movies. And you can point to a boom of maturity in the early 1970s. But when that adulthood retreated, we were left with cruelty, blood-letting, and violence of a kind that would have seemed outlandish in the 1940s. This thought is prompted by the intriguing conjunction of these two books, and the questions they pose about the 1940s. But it is in our time that this country began to talk about what was once unthinkable—I mean torture—and so we see it increasingly in our "entertainment." The show *24* did a lot to pioneer it. Just how much cruelty are we prepared to accept before we think less of ourselves?

On January 15, 1947, at about 10:30 a.m., a woman and her daughter noticed white streaks in the brown ground of a piece of wasteland at 39th Street and Norton Avenue in the Leimert Park section of Los Angeles. The white streaks proved to be naked flesh. The woman knocked at a door and asked to phone the police. In those days, reporters could pick up the broadcasts of the LAPD directing patrol cars to a site, and so it happened that Will Fowler, a writer for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, and his photographer sidekick were first at the site. Fowler would write: "As I got closer, I called back to [Felix] Paegel [the photographer], who was pulling his Speed Graphic from the car trunk: 'Jesus, Felix, this woman's cut in half!' "

We have bad habits: we prefer juicy murder cases to looking carefully at a climate of violence or a mood of pessimism. And this one was juicy. You can offer up the other L.A. murders—William Desmond Taylor, Ben Siegel, the Mulwray killings, Nicole Simpson—but this is still probably the most infamous of the city's murders, or the one that has most steadily supplied us with talk and speculation. The body found that morning would soon be called the "Black Dahlia," but the real name of the victim was Elizabeth Short. She was a twenty-two-year-old woman from Massachusetts who had lived intermittently in California since 1943. She had been a waitress, and almost certainly a prostitute; she had wanted to get into the movies. The photographs that the police found of her when living were of a pretty, vivacious, dark-haired girl with a trained smile and a way of posing that came from movie magazines.

But on the ground that January morning she did not look that way. And how she looked is very important. The woman who discovered the body had believed at first that "it had to be a dummy.

David Thomson is the author, most recently, of NICOLE KIDMAN *(Knopf).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There were legs and a section of hip that seemed disconnected from the dummy's waist like a mannequin in a department store window when displays were changed and the clothing removed." This, more or less, was the scene. The body of Elizabeth Short had been placed in the wasteland—the corpse was desanguinated, drained of blood, but that skilled work had been done somewhere else. The body was cut in two, at the waist. The two halves were not aligned. The lower part, with open legs, was a couple of feet out of line with the torso. And the arms were positioned, reaching up, above the head, in a very deliberate way. Everyone who saw the body felt the effect of purposeful arrangement. And other things had been done: one breast, the right, was gone; a small triangle of skin was removed from the left breast; there was a rectangle carved in the left thigh; there was a deep gash in the lower abdomen; and there were long cuts on her face, as if meant to extend her smile.

To this day, the case remains "unsolved" in the files of the LAPD. The first investigation went on for at least six months. The police did not reveal every detail about the state of the corpse because they hoped to trap the killer, and also because in those days newspaper pictures—and movies, too—were not so glaringly explicit. Today, you have seen such things on the *CSI* shows where those oddly beautiful but blank women help cut up the corpses—though we are not allowed to see such real things from the war. But in 1947 the police decided that someone involved in the murder had surgical experience. There were some leads based on the circumstances of Elizabeth Short's life, but they never developed. In time, the intensity of the search diminished.

II.

As the real case moved into storage files, the speculative re-workings of it began in earnest. Short was called the "Black Dahlia" because some said that this was her nickname at a Long Beach soda fountain. Others believed the name had been borrowed from the movie *The Blue Dahlia*, released a year earlier. Of course, it was also owed to our need to give everyone an intimate name, a nickname, to show that they are ours; or to make them more available for fiction, or for our special blend of fact and fiction, the one that was pioneered in Los Angeles.

In the 1950s, the actor Jack Webb—the one who played Joe Friday on *Dragnet*—did a book called *The Badge: True and Terrifying Crime Stories That Could Not Be Presented on TV*, in which he looked at the case and decided that "the wrong way of life" caused Short's death. (Isn't that always the way with dead women?) *Severed: The True Story of the Black Dahlia Murder*, by John Gilmore, says that the killer was Jack Anderson Wilson, a drunk and a thief. Gilmore says that Wilson confessed to him—but in the city of dreams, a confession can be just a way of putting yourself forward for a part, like an audition tape. Wilson died before anyone could verify the story; but verification, the establishment of truth, is a complicated thing. Mary Pacios wrote a book, *Childhood Shadows*, that wonders whether Orson Welles had something to do with it, because during the war years, to entertain the troops, he had regularly sawed such ladies as Marlene Dietrich and Rita Hayworth in half. In *Daddy Was the Black Dahlia Killer* Janice Knowlton says that her sexually abusive father did it. Knowlton came to that conclusion when previously repressed memories broke free.

In 1977, John Gregory Dunne wrote a pretty good novel, *True Confessions*—the story of two brothers, a cop and a priest, in Los Angeles—which takes place against a version of the Black Dahlia murder. Ten years later James Ellroy wrote another novel about the case, *The Black Dahlia*, and a movie of that book is out this month, directed by Brian De Palma and starring Scarlett Johansson and Hilary Swank. As far as I can tell, it has nothing to do with the suggestions or the suggestiveness offered in *Exquisite Corpse*, or with Steve Hodel's *Black Dahlia Avenger*, published a few years ago, which really raised the specter of the Dahlia anew.

Steve Hodel was born in 1941 in Los Angeles, and for nearly twenty-four years he worked for the LAPD, mostly as a homicide detective. As such, he knew and heard about the unsolved murder case from 1947, but never felt any special attachment to it. Sometime after he retired, in 1999, he learned that his father, George Hodel, had died. Father and son had not been close. George Hodel had had several wives and had lived for decades in Japan and the Philippines. But in his last few years, he and his son had made an effort at reconciliation, assisted by George's return to the United States in 1991. After George's funeral and the scattering of his ashes over the waters of San Francisco Bay, his widow gave Steve "a tiny, palm-sized wood-bound photo album."

It contained pictures of Steve as a boy on his father's knee in 1943. There was a portrait of Steve's mother, Dorothy Hodel—Steve thought she looked sad, but sadness is easily felt with old pictures. Then there were two pictures of Kiyo, Steve's soon-to-be ex-wife—but these pictures were arresting, because they came from a time before Steve had known her. The son was uneasy: it was as if, somehow, his mysterious father had known his—the son's—wife before he had ever met her. (This discovery led to the end of the marriage.) And then there were two pictures of a young dark-haired woman, her eyes closed in both. They were head and shoulder shots, the one apparently a nude, the other of the woman with flowers in her hair. No one knew who the woman was.

Steve Hodel went back to his hotel, thinking of the pictures.

> I tried to fight the meaning that was trying to break through to tell me what my father's photographs meant. My cop's mind grabbed onto it like a bulldog and wouldn't let go. Were these photographs of her—the one with her stylized black dress and white flowers, and the other one nude—taken by my father? Why had he kept them all these years in his private album?
>
> Then quietly, softly, as if a breeze were carrying an image from long ago, I remembered the white flowers against the jet-black hair, white flowers set off against a black dress. These were dahlias.

I don't propose Steve Hodel as a profound writer. His story makes us forget style and art. What is nonetheless riveting in his book is his rediscovery of the kind of man George Hodel was—superior, cultivated, a womanizer and worse, a cold, selfish connoisseur, a doctor of venereal diseases acquainted with some kinds of surgery, a sardonic and teasing master—and an odd police groupie. He was a man who might have left his policeman son with photographs to poison the rest of his life. It is to Steve Hodel's credit that he rose to that challenge, even if it involved turning his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father into a dark and disturbing figure.

George Hodel was a strange social animal. His wife Dorothy had been married previously to John Huston, the film director, and the three of them stayed on friendly terms afterward. Hodel was also friendly with Man Ray and other modern artists. He had a house by the architect Lloyd Wright, Frank Lloyd Wright's son, on Franklin Avenue—like a Mayan fortress from the outside, but a grotto inside—that was deliberately maintained to resemble the home of the Marquis de Sade. And most haunting of all, Steve describes the occasion when Hodel and his friend Fred Sexton (the man who made the actual falcon for John Huston's film *The Maltese Falcon*) raped Hodel's daughter Tamar, a fourteen-year-old beauty. Hodel was charged with this crime later, in 1949, but acquitted because of a lawyer's clever and cruel campaign to expose Tamar as a congenital liar. The cops recorded Hodel's calls at the time, and in one of them he sneers, "Supposin' I did kill the Black Dahlia. They couldn't prove it now. They can't talk to my secretary anymore because she's dead." That secretary was poisoned, no questions ever asked.

I am digesting Hodel's book drastically, and therefore omitting the rather labored suggestion that Hodel and Sexton went on a serial-killing rampage after 1947. But the book leaves little doubt about the rape, about Hodel's rather self-conscious pursuit of dangerous or illegal actions, or about the likelihood that he killed Elizabeth Short, on his own or as part of a group. Steve Hodel even wonders whether the arrangement of the Black Dahlia's corpse might have been influenced by a Man Ray picture. The LAPD did not close the case after Steve Hodel's book appeared, though it admitted that George Hodel had been a leading suspect who then left the United States in 1950. I don't claim that there is enough direct evidence to get a conviction in court, though Steve Hodel builds a persuasive case that his father had known Elizabeth Short and even wanted to marry her. Other explanations may linger, but Hodel's book has convinced many people who were familiar with the case.

III.

Now comes *Exquisite Corpse*. It is a strange book, sketchy but unforgettable, tendentious but instructive. It is the work of Mark Nelson, a design director, and Sarah Hudson Bayliss, an art history journalist. Its area of autopsy is that of art history, of a corpse so "exquisite" that complicity in its making may extend to a loose circle of surrealists or pseuds in Los Angeles who were motivated by sexual curiosity, a search for the *acte gratuit*, and by a larger postwar feeling that evil had been let loose and would not go back into the bottle. In brief, *Exquisite Corpse* reckons that the stark whiteness glimpsed on January 15, 1947 was not just a sign of murder but also a tableau alluding to several works of art—a terrible private joke. The authors accept George Hodel as the mind making the connection, but they feel that he may have been part of a circle of picture-makers entranced by the morbid dislocation of body parts that had begun with Picasso and Cubism.

Exquisite Corpse looks like a coffee-table book, but the coffee is sickly. And the reader of *Exquisite Corpse* needs to have Steve Hodel's book on hand. Nelson and Bayliss come no closer to clinching the sort of case that might be won in court, but they do spread highbrow suspicion in tracking the iconography of the severed body, defaced flesh, and upraised arms. They really urge us to *look*. Surely, you may say, these formal resemblances could be mere coincidence—after all, Picasso was a pioneer in re-arranging the body, Magritte did a disturbing and enticing picture of a body-face called *Le Viol*, and many artists of the last hundred years—the age of film, by the way—were driven by sexual obsession and a taste for non-naturalistic representation. Bill Copley did pictures of nudes and clothed doctors with exotic rows of surgical hardware. Francis Bacon seems to have had more "cuts" of meat than a butcher or a film editor. ("Cutting" is the term that connects those two arts.)

In linking pictures by Man Ray, Duchamp, and Copley, the authors have made us think anew about art and murder. And here's the rub: the intellectual daring of such pictures cannot quite be separated from a torturer's coolness. Do Man Ray's nude studies of Lee Miller celebrate sex and "togetherness," or are they part of a new level of alienation and dismantling aggression in which the body gazed upon begins to come apart? There is also the gathering of evidence that suggests these artists were spokes in George Hodel's wheel. It is all speculation, of course, but the speculation is highly suggestive. One way or another, hasn't Los Angeles taken pains to provide us with beautiful corpses, and the play of seeming to be their killers? Why should artists not be aroused by our recklessness, by our silly faith—inculcated in us by the movies—that voyeurs cannot cry out in pain because that would stop the show?

You want examples? OK. In July 1947, Duchamp collaborated on a deluxe edition of a catalogue called *Le Surréalisme en 1947* for an exhibition at the Galerie Maeght in Paris. Nine hundred ninety-nine handmade copies had a breast—a falsie—on the cover, made of foam rubber surrounded by black velvet. You are obliged to hold the breast while reading the catalogue. A fine joke; but the authors of *Exquisite Corpse* add that "it is noteworthy ... that Duchamp's image of a single breast appeared just months after Elizabeth Short's body, absent her right breast, was discovered." Duchamp made several visits to Los Angeles, where he mixed with Man Ray, Bill Copley, Walter Arensberg (the art collector), Albert Lewin (the aesthete and film director who made *The Picture of Dorian Gray*), and Lloyd Wright. And it is clear that George Hodel was part of the same group. Which proves ...?

Or try to follow this trail. Hodel was also associated with the writer Ben Hecht. In 1925, in Pasadena, Hodel published a magazine called *Fantasia*, which celebrated Hecht's first novel, *The Kingdom of Evil: A Continuation of the Journal of Fantazius Mallare*. Magazine and novel alike were heavily under the influence of surrealism, of fantasies about murders committed in dreams and under hypnosis. The novel features a woman who feels that "there was something more to give him. She would remove something of herself—her arm, her breasts, her white thighs.... She listened and wished to die in his hands." And Hecht, dabbling in psychoanalysis, would write the screenplay of *Spellbound*, that very odd Hitchcock film with a dream sequence by Salvador Dalí, about a man who believes he has committed a murder and cannot help reliving it in a dream. Put that next to George Hodel's remarks to the police after he was arrested for the rape of his daughter, quoted in the *Los Angeles Daily News*: "Everything is a dream to me. I believe someone is trying to hypnotize me. I want to consult by [*sic*] psychiatrist but I don't trust him. He might find something wrong with me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If this is real and I am really here, then these other things must have happened." None of this would stand up even in a film as foolish as *Spellbound*, though it makes Hodel's acquittal in the rape trial harder to credit.

More? Well, John Huston was a bit of a sadist, and was also interested in hypnosis. And here we come upon delicate ground—personal comment on an artistic hero. Huston was a man of action as well as a great storyteller, but also a user of people, a gambler, a reckless soul. As a young man he killed someone in a driving accident, and the matter was covered up. And he did say that the thing he loved about film-making was the power, the sadism. In *The Maltese Falcon*, Wilmer, the gunsel (Elisha Cook Jr.), looks at Sam Spade's body, collapsed after being drugged, and kicks him in the head. In the same film, Spade slaps Joel Cairo (Peter Lorre) around and hisses, "Wait till he learns to like it!" Many years later, in *Chinatown*, Huston played Noah Cross, one of the bleakest villains in Hollywood pictures—a man who rapes his own daughter—and did him with relish; and in a very bad film called *De Sade* he even played the marquis himself. Huston and George Hodel were married to the same woman. Why, I even bumped into Huston once myself at the Cannes Film Festival. "Easy there, sonny," he sighed, as if guessing I had murder on my mind.

The "coup" in *Exquisite Corpse* is a Duchamp picture called *Étant donnés*, worked on apparently from 1946 to 1966, for which Duchamp took a first photograph (of a waterfall) only six months before the murder of Elizabeth Short. Six degrees of separation? A waterfall in Europe, I hasten to add—and this news produces something less than a frisson; but then you look at the picture, and the splay of the female body seems as fresh and dance-like as on that January morning. Had Duchamp seen the first photographs? Did someone in L.A. pass them on—as FYI, or as tribute? Now there's a frisson. Of course, Duchamp could have seen the pictures and felt moved to imitate them in some way without having a toehold in a murder plot. That is the most intriguing point, the complicity that hangs over our repressed murderousness, and lends an air of dread to our separated kinship. Sometime in the last century we picked up murder—ordinary murder—as a kind of virus. It is in our blood now, and most of us hope our immune system is robust. But we know that first fever of the illness. We have felt it.

Class Action

Give The New Republic to your favorite student. Subscribe at www.tnr.com/gift

IV.

Exquisite Corpse creeps up on you: if you have the patience to let its leaves fall, eventually an autumnal mood gathers. This is not to say, obviously, that Huston, Man Ray, and Duchamp were satanic onlookers in the killing of the Black Dahlia. The "connections" posed in *Exquisite Corpse* collapse if they are pushed hard. They are at best circumstantial, sometimes nearly random, and always an opportunity for clever book packaging. But the collected corpses do make a climate, or a morgue. There is a dispassion in the posing; you feel the sharpness of the knives, and the nearly mathematical considerations of those handling them. The book helps to substantiate that someone involved in cutting up Elizabeth Short knew a good deal about the surrealists' strategies, and shared their obsession with sex and dreams as well as their passing insouciance with real women. George Hodel is a candidate for that man, and we know now that the police thought so, too, but they let him slip when he quit for Asia.

And there is something else to be said, vaguer still, but more troubling. Los Angeles in the years of the war and just afterward was an uncontainable place. It was a city that drew dreamers like Elizabeth Short, and as it grew extra fast because of the wartime industries, it became crowded enough for people to become lost very easily. Long before unregistered Hispanics came to southern California, it had a white population it could hardly keep track of. There was a rare tension between high hopes and helpless anonymity that added to the high murder rate. Young people came and went, eager to be meat for the public gaze, but regularly discarded. In the film world as a whole, humanity was often judged according to the unkind standards of an audition: you were in or you were out. A sense of cruelty and exploitation was becoming structural.

You can read it in Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*. It is there in Marion Faye, the young producer or manipulator in Mailer's novel *The Deer Park*, a man who no longer wants to make pictures so much as run the drama of life. And you can see or feel this mood not just in film noir, but also in the Hollywood noir of *Sunset Boulevard* and *In a Lonely Place*. In the former film, a swimming pool is where the washed-up can die, with a last privilege, telling the one good story they ever had, the one that came too late. (Imagine Elizabeth Short as mistress of her own story.) In the latter film, Bogart plays an edgy and disillusioned screenwriter who might be capable of murder himself, and who is reaching the lonely place where it might feel compelling.

America had won the war, and for a couple of years of peace the picture business would never have it so good. From 1945 to 1947, some ninety million tickets a week were sold. But there was an uneasiness. Television was coming. The old codes of the Golden Age no longer applied. Sent off to war, audiences had come home altered. They had no reason any longer to believe in happy endings. The dread in noir spoke to the unresolved lessons and the unforgettable pictures from Auschwitz and Hiroshima. Torture and annihilation were new realities, applied by specialists but ordered by the state. War tribunals attempted to settle the responsibility, but only rendered themselves useless for the future.

These horrors affected the whole world, of course. But Hollywood was the place that made up reassuring stories for us. It learned to make aircraft and weapons, but mainly it was the factory of morale—and it had had its greatest success during the war. Now came the threat of losing that audience, and it was underlined by the instinct that a more adult public was ready for something darker, more explicitly violent and sexual, something in which all those forces came together. All of that went into noir, and nagged at censorship—there is hardly a period in American film when sexual challenge or violent impulse was more likely. That is why Wilmer kicks Bogart in the head—because he can, and to see what happens. We had movies in which the criminal might be a hero, or a figure to identify with; in which outlawry was offered to the public as a dangerous sport hardly separable from the voyeurism of film itself. And as the censorship weakened, so the medium showed us not just forbidden spectacle—a naked kick, the jut of a breast—but also neurotic behavior.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The overtly noir films were not the only ones that fit these patterns. *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945) is a powerful melodrama in which we watch and participate with the beautiful Gene Tierney as her character commits murder. The result is horrible, but the posture is new and addictive. At the start of *Double Indemnity*, Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck flirt like vicious lovers, and in the event they escape justice by killing each other. So the film could get away with a kind of dark glamorization because of its plot mechanism—as if the movies didn't put momentary behavior above and beyond terminal resolution.

Or consider *Strangers on a Train*, where Hitchcock plays such games with our urges. He introduces a charming madman, Bruno (Robert Walker), a new figure in movies—very smart, but weak, a dreamer. The film is premised on an irresistible idea: we all long for the elimination of our enemies, so you kill mine and I'll kill yours. Criss-cross. No evident motive. The scientific spirit. The idea came from Patricia Highsmith, but then Hitchcock picks on Farley Granger's spiteful wife as the victim. She is not pretty. She wears spectacles and frowns. She is nasty. She deserves it, doesn't she? Bruno is amusing. He lets the wife think he fancies her. And then, as he strangles her, he has the insight to understand our part in all of this. In an extraordinary and explicit scene, he lowers the corpse into our laps, like a dog bringing a present.

THE CINEMA IS NOT JUST AN entertainment; it is also a model of how inner yearning works. The shift in sensibility that I am describing was surely helped by the fact that in the 1940s, Hollywood became a refuge for some of the most interesting refugees from Europe—not just actors, writers, and directors (Peter Lorre, Fritz Lang, Billy Wilder) but also artists of other sorts (Brecht, Thomas Mann, Isherwood, the Viertels, Schönberg, Stravinsky, all those brilliant psychiatrists). These practitioners got out of Europe and came to the city where you couldn't tell a real neurotic from an actor, and where everyone was into motivation. *Spellbound* was just one of the films that caught show business in its new infatuation with studied abnormality. There was also *M*, for instance. In 1931, in Berlin, Fritz Lang had made that classic with Lorre playing a clear monster. In 1951, in Los Angeles, the subject was re-made by Joseph Losey, but this time the murderer (David Wayne) was a victim of mental illness. That's liberalism at the movies, if you like, and behavioral science; but there is no denying that it was also a fascination with crime for its own sake that interested the surrealists as much as the hard-boiled exponents of noir.

Again, the weakening imperative against crime appears in all sorts of film. In the same year, 1951, George Stevens made an extraordinary (and very popular) version of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. He called it *A Place in the Sun*, with Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift. An impoverished young man gets a job thanks to the influence of wealthy relatives, as a packer in their shirt factory. He meets a girl there (Shelley Winters), falls for her, and gets her pregnant. But just then he is invited by the family up to the big house, and there he meets the perfect girl (Taylor). They fall into a quite different kind of love. So poor Shelley Winters—working hard to be drab—is suddenly the extra wheel. The boy thinks of murdering her. He takes her to a dark lake and plans a drowning, but he cannot do it. And then an accident comes to his aid. The girl dies. In the end, the boy accepts execution because—like ours—his desire deserved it. We all longed to have the girl out of the way.

Had the commandment against killing been diluted by so many deaths in war? Or was it natural that a voyeuristic, lifelike medium such as film would home in on sex and violence—the forbidden pleasures, the repressed desires? The gangster had been an ambiguous figure since the 1930s, but in everything from *Public Enemy* to *Scarface*, he gets his just rewards. In *White Heat* (1949), Cody Jarrett, played by James Cagney, perished, too, but only in an ecstatic explosion, roaring, "Made it, Ma! Top of the world!"—a line that suggests how far "the world" had backed off from making its judgments. Cody explodes, and he is punished. But it is precisely the ending he craves.

WHEN JOHN HUSTON CAME to make *The Asphalt Jungle* in 1950, he had a W. R. Burnett novel in which the cops were the protagonists. But Huston—yes, the same Huston—turned the tables and treated the criminals as interesting monkeys in the jungle, guys trying to make a hard living, gamblers in search of the big break. Huston once said that crime was just a "left-handed" way of doing things. As we watch the film, it is hard not to identify with the rogues, and we take some pleasure when they manage their jewel robbery successfully. Later they fail—but the failure is bittersweet, and in every case honorable.

The mastermind of the gang (Sam Jaffe) is clearly a sex addict, and he is captured by the cops only because he waits ten seconds too long watching a pretty girl dance to a jukebox. That girl isn't even credited, though she has lines and a long dance. It was part of the "sadism" of the movies that Huston could look over four or five girls for that spot, ask them to dance, pick one, and then deny her a credit. There may have been other benefits, for there were always thousands of girls as eager to get a break as Elizabeth Short. This is still another degree of separation. I have no reason to think that this unnamed actress ended badly, but I don't know.

In *The Asphalt Jungle*, the classiest member of the gang is Alonzo Emmerich (Louis Calhern), a lawyer with a big house, a sick wife, and a cute mistress. He puts up the cash to fund the job, but only because he is broke and plans to steal the take. He is educated, urbane, with a long face and a small mustache—a little like George Hodel, or thousands of other men in Los Angeles. So, reading Steve Hodel's book and *Exquisite Corpse*, I looked at *The Asphalt Jungle* again, and this is what I saw. The first time we meet Alonzo's mistress, she is curled up on a sofa. She is Marilyn Monroe. The camera looks down on her, folded into the small seat, twisted a little, foreshortened. I had a sudden shock at the odd way she might be being posed by eyes that knew the pictures of Elizabeth Short. Then, later, Monroe's character is talking to Alonzo, who is planning her future, and her arms go up in the air, above her head.

The structures of evil: a film buff's catalogue system can search quickly. I thought of *The Lady from Shanghai* (1949), where Rita Hayworth's character is listening to a story of sharks in the dark sea—and one arm goes up over her head, involuntarily, as if to shield her eyes from the sight. And I thought of *Gilda* (1946), a film with a sadistic edge, where as Hayworth dances, her gloved arms are up over her head. How many degrees of separation? When I mentioned it to my wife, she looked at the shot and told me that gesture simply accentuated the bust line—"and you know what guys are looking at." ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Kneel Before Izod

PERHAPS THE MOST AMAZING thing about Ned Lamont's sudden rise to national fame and glory is not what it says about the antiwar movement, or the liberal blogosphere, or even Joe Lieberman, but what it says about the American preppy. Consider for a moment what an incredibly unlikely hero Lamont is for the antiwar, anti-establishment, anti-Bush left. A millionaire scion of the old J.P. Morgan aristocracy. A Greenwich native and, until politics beckoned, an elite country club member. A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University, where a library bears his family name. It's a wonder Lamont didn't run his campaign from the bow of a 30-foot yacht. Lamont also looks and acts the part—the L.L. Bean style, the Steve Forbes haircut, the slightly awkward air of reserve. Last month, *The New York Times* spoke to Lamont "from his vacation home in Maine"; everyone knows that, while arrivistes spend the summers social-climbing on the Vineyard and Nantucket, the real WASPs decamp for the tranquility of Bar Harbor and places so exclusive you've never heard of them. So the left has found its savior, and he is Bertie Wooster.

CAN THIS BE IT? THE THING THEY'VE long whispered of—from the dorms of Choate Rosemary Hall to the Yale Club in Manhattan? The Great Preppy Revival? If so, I confess to feeling a secret thrill. You see, I am a prep myself. I grew up in New Haven (which is not Greenwich, yes, but it is not Bridgeport either). I've spent many summers on "the Cape." I even boarded at Exeter, home to a girls' dormitory named Lamont Hall ("Lamonsters," we crudely dubbed its occupants). I've never much wanted to be known as a preppy or a WASP. But others insist on applying those labels like a KICK ME sign on my back. It doesn't help that I stand out in the Semitic halls of THE NEW REPUBLIC, where, during the Jewish holidays, I feel a "Twilight Zone"–like sense of aloneness. But it's the same everywhere. For one recent birthday, an Irish-Catholic friend gave me a T-shirt bearing the image of a Sunfish and the slogan I BET YOU CAN'T EVEN SAIL. (Well, *can* you?)

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, MAUREEN DOWD aptly observed that WASPs had become "the only group it was safe to belittle." I trace this development to the year 1980, when two major events occurred. One was the publication of Lisa Birnbach's *The Preppy Handbook*, whose cataloguing of preppy customs and habits—Nantucket red pants, "Locust Valley lockjaw," breaking in your topsiders—transformed the prep from authority figure to figure of ridicule. (The prep image would take a downright sinister turn six years later, with the arrest of Manhattan's infamous "Preppy Killer.") The year 1980 also brought us the election of Ronald Reagan, the moment Goldwater conservatism finally conquered the GOP's moderate Northeastern Protestant establishment. Preps weren't just losing their dignity; they were losing their power.

BUT, AS IN NEWPORT HARBOR, THE cultural winds shift fast. New figures of social ridicule are displacing preps. A few years ago, for instance, *The Preppy Handbook* was ripped off and updated in the form of *The Hipster Handbook*. Preppy fashion, once the signifier of jerkdom in '80s movies (think of the bullying Johnny Lawrence from *The Karate Kid* or any jock from a John Hughes film), has come roaring back. Young women are donning pink-and-green ribbon belts—the same seen on the cover of that best-selling novel called, yes, *Prep*. Meanwhile, the guys are all "popping" (or turning up) their collars—thanks in part to hip-hop stars, of all people, who have somehow managed to equate preppiness with coolness. ("Pop Ya Collar," was an improbably named hit by Usher a few years ago.) Averell Harriman might gag on his gin and tonic. But I prefer imitation to ridicule.

AND NOW, THE POLITICAL COMEBACK. On the Democratic side, Ned Lamont was foreshadowed by Howard Dean. Though less overtly preppy than Lamont, Dean is of the same world: born in East Hampton to a Wall Street man and an art appraiser; Rhode Island prep school attendee; Yale grad. Yet Dean is adored by the bohemians of Burlington and Berkeley. And what about the Republicans? After years of being routed by uncouth Texans and nutty evangelicals, the old Protestant establishment is roaring back. The George Bush who summers in Crawford is a discredited lame duck. The George Bush who summers in Kennebunkport has been vindicated on matters of foreign policy and fiscal responsibility. Why, perhaps this calls for a regatta!

MAYBE THE CLEAREST EVIDENCE THAT preps are enjoying a social amnesty was the failure of Lieberman's summer attack on Lamont for his membership in Greenwich's Round Hill Country Club—"not known for its diversity," as a Lieberman flyer coyly put it. This plotline presented the press with an ideal WASP-bashing opportunity. ("We'd jump at the chance to accept a black member," one local told *The Stamford Advocate*. "It's just they don't come live in Greenwich.") But the prep-haters never pounced, and even black leaders like Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson defended Lamont. Nothing drove the new dynamic home, however, quite like the admiration for Lamont showed by MSNBC's "Hardball" host Chris Matthews, who casts himself as the ultimate street-smart anti-snob. In an August 8 segment of "Countdown with Keith Olbermann," Matthews called Lamont "very WASPY, . . . very St. Paul's, almost, in a prep school sense. . . . But he's not that bad. I have seen worse. He's OK." When even Matthews won't bash an old-school WASP, the rules have clearly changed.

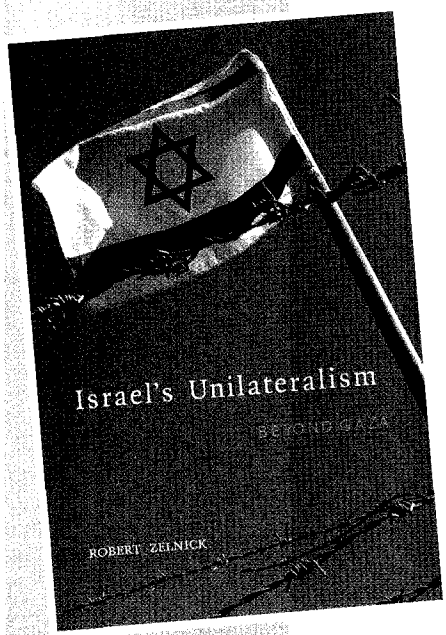
OR PERHAPS I'M JUST ENGAGED IN THE sort of wishful thinking that led the WASPs to think they'd be in charge forever. "I suppose there's a vague nostalgia for WASPY statesman types," says *Newsweek* Editor Evan Thomas, who has chronicled the species. "But all the things people hate about WASPs they still hate: that they're know-it-alls and superior. And, frankly, I think Lieberman might beat [Lamont] by pointing out that he is a privileged rich kid." Well, either way. As a fellow New Havener, I have warm feelings for Lieberman. But, if Lamont becomes the U.S. Senate's newest rock star—and America's most popular preppy—pardon me if I pour myself a gimlet and set sail for Wellfleet.

MICHAEL CROWLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from the Hoover Press

Israel's unilateral disengagement from Gaza–how and why did it happen?



Israel's Unilateralism

Beyond Gaza

ROBERT ZELNICK

"If there is a single book that can tell us where Israel stands today and where it is likely to go from here, it is this one."

—Salameh Nematt, Washington bureau chief for Al-Hayat newspaper

"Bob Zelnick's study of Israeli unilateralism fills two important needs: for academics, it is a comprehensive initial examination of an issue that will dominate Israeli-Palestinian relations for years to come; and for policy makers, it is a primer on the next steps in the peace process. Zelnick's thorough review of Israel's disengagement policy sets the stage for understanding why the consensus within Israel has shifted so dramatically in support of Israeli-Palestinian separation. The extensive interviews conducted by Zelnick add depth and color to this insightful study."

—Daniel C. Kurtzer, Former United States ambassador to Israel and Egypt and the S. Daniel Abraham Visiting Professor of Middle East Policy Studies at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs

In August 2005, Israel closed its Gaza settlements and withdrew some 8,000 Jews who had lived there. In *Israel's Unilateralism,* award-winning journalist Robert Zelnick explains Israel's once-unthinkable disengagement from Gaza and tells what it might lead to in the future. In his highly engaging journalistic style, Zelnick chronicles the evolution of the policy that led to this earth-shaking event and underscores the politically realist-minded assumptions that continue to drive the policy forward.

June 2006, 158 pages
ISBN: 0-8179-4772-8
$15.00, paperback

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

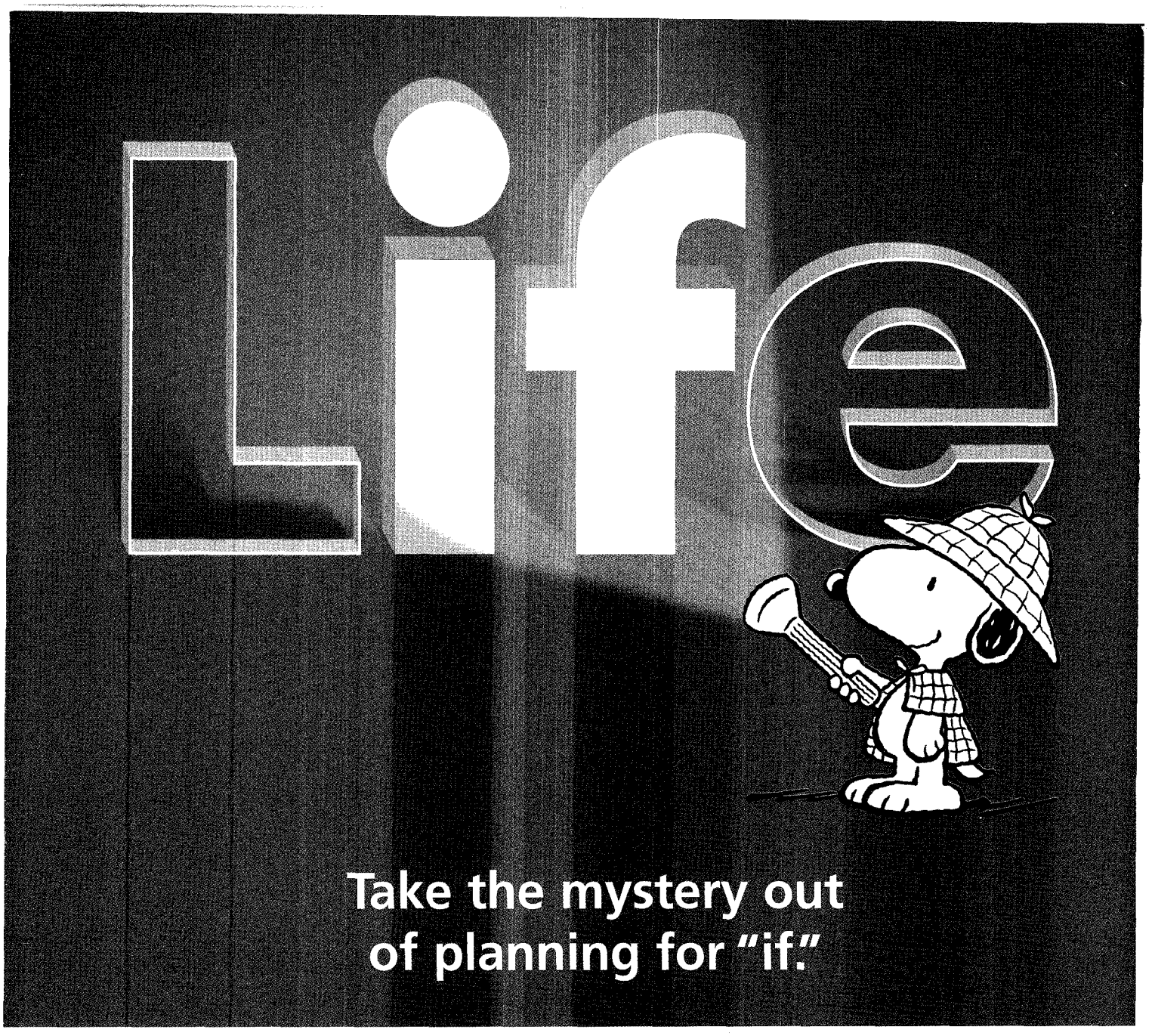
To order, call 800.935.2882 or visit hooverpress.org.

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Stanford California 94305-6010 Toll-free: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Let's shed some light on life insurance.

For every "if" in life, there's a solution. Like protecting your family with life insurance. Choosing the right coverage doesn't have to be as costly, complicated or mysterious as you may think. MetLife is the largest provider of life insurance in the U.S. Our representatives help sort through your choices to build on what you already have and adjust for your growing needs. Starting with your existing coverage, we'll collaborate with you to fill in the gaps and help you create your personal safety net. Demystifying life insurance is as simple as calling on our expertise. Together we can make a plan for "if."

Call 1-888-MetLife or visit metlife.com.

Guarantees for the if in life.

MetLife®

have you met life today?®

Guarantees apply to certain insurance (not securities and investment and advisory) products and are subject to product terms, conditions, exclusions and limitations and the insurer's claims-paying ability and financial strength. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, NY 10166. MetLife Investors USA Insurance Company, Irvine, CA 92614. MetLife and its affiliates are the largest life insurance organization in the U.S. based on the in-force life insurance. 2005 AM Best. © 2006 MetLife, Inc. PEANUTS © UFS, Inc. L0608AW5A(exp1208) ENT-LD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED